THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888. $4 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 11

LONG AGO.

BY J. C.

I saw her once, once only, long ago
Yet now she often comes to me by night
Known by the hair, so silken-soft and bright,
That veils warm cheeks where crimson roses throw
A tender flush o'er pallid lily-snow.
She speaks not; only her golden head is light
Above my heart, that throbs with wild delight—
Dreaming she takes the love she cannot know.

Dear distant love, doth some sweet spirit-voice
Breathe in thine ear, when slumber is most deep,
All I were fain to tell if we should meet?
And dost thou come, because the word is sweet,
By shadowy paths we tread not save in sleep,
To bid me trust the future, and rejoice?

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT passed in the cabin of the "Rose of Devon" between the two women, Mrs. Day never told, not even to her husband.

In the morning, when the "Rose of Devon" was sailing along the coast, she went to the captain and requested that she and her husband might be taken as near Appleford as possible, that they might get back in their boat.

"My cousin will remain on board, Captain Daniel," she said. "She will go with you across the Channel, and land at the first French port."

Captain Daniel whistled.

"You settle things easily, Mrs. Day," he said, with a half smile; "how do you know I'll take her?"

"You'll take her for my sake and your own," said Mrs. Day quietly. "For mine, because we are old friends, for yours because if she landed in England there'd be questions asked about the 'Rose of Devon' that might be awkward to answer."

"And how am I to know that I can trust her?" he said.

"Because she has to trust you," said Mrs. Day. "Captain Daniel, my cousin has just come through a great trouble, and she's as anxious as you are that no one should know she was ever aboard the 'Rose.' If you don't mention it when you get back to England, she won't, wherever she is. You needn't require any oath; she is one whose word is as good as her bond; she's a lady, and different to me. Just land her at the first place on the other side you touch, and say nothing. She'll pay for her passage——"

"Thank you, Mrs. Day," said the captain, "I don't want the poor woman's money, and she's welcome to the run. As to keeping quiet, well, I think we can do that as well as she can; and if she will say nothing about the 'Rose,' the 'Rose' will say nothing about her. We know how to keep a secret, I think! If she's got in trouble and wants to show a clean pair of heels, well, I reckon we've been in the same plight, and may be, shall be again. Anyway, whether or no, Captain Daniel isn't the man to turn his back on a woman in distress!"

Mrs. Day gave him her hand with a simple dignity that would have shamed the first lady of the land.

The "Rose" beat about, and in another hour or two Mrs. Day and her husband got into their boat, and Margaret was left on the "Rose of Devon," which, spreading all sail, was cleaving its way to the French coast.

For two days she kept to her cabin. There was a young lad on board, the captain's boy—a little mite of a fellow—and he waited upon her, carrying all sorts of delicacies from the cook's galley to her cabin; but Margaret, though she thanked him in a voice which made the lad's heart leap and brought the color to his face, could touch nothing but a little dry bread and tea, though she tried hard for the boy's sake.

The rough-looking skipper, with the truest delicacy, left her to herself, merely sending his compliments about twice a day, and a request to be informed if there was anything he could do for her.

On the third day, she found courage to go on deck. The sailors looked at her curiously at first, but something in her beautiful, wan face appealed to their rough natures, and touching their caps, they went on with their work.

Margaret leaned against the bulwarks and looked out at the sea. She was a good sailor, and the vast expanse of cloudless blue above and the rolling water beneath her brought something of peace to her tortured heart.

Presently Captain Daniel came up with a deck chair in his hand and a thick rug over his arm. With a little bow, he put the chair right for her and spread the rug over it.

"Glad to see you on deck, miss," he said shyly. "The air's rather chilly; I'll get you another rug; there's plenty of them aboard."

Margaret thanked him, and her voice sounded weak and hollow.

"I am afraid I ought not to be here at all," she said coloring; "you are very kind to let me stay. It will not be for long—you will land me soon, will you not?"

Captain Daniel took off his hat.

"You shall stay as long as you please, miss, and the longer you stay the better the 'Rose of Devon' will like it."

He had not meant to be so gracious, but Margaret's pale face, with its winning beauty, had its effect upon him, as it had upon the men.

"All we ask you to do, miss, is to make yourself as comfortable as possible. The 'Rose' is not a ladies' ship, but me and my men will do our best to make it one."

The tears came to Margaret's eyes, and her lips trembled. A very little kindness had power to move her just then.

"I am very grateful," she said, in a low voice; "but I will not stay after we reach a French port. Mrs. Day has told you——"

She stopped, and the captain took it up.

"Mrs. Day has told me nothing more than that you are in trouble, miss, and I reckon that's enough. There's no need for you to say anything! Me and my ship and my men are at your service, and if there's one place more than another you'd like to land at, say the word, and there the 'Rose' goes, fair wind or foul!"

Then, without waiting for any response, he touched his hat and went aft.

As he had spoken, so Captain Daniel acted.

The boy was ordered to make the cabin as comfortable as possible. An awning was rigged up on deck to provide shelter for her, and the cook taxed his inventive faculties to the utmost in the concoction of dishes which he deemed suitable to an invalid lady. The rough sailors lowered their voices as they went about their work, and even put out their pipes when she came on deck.

Their kindness, and the beauty of the sea and sky, did more towards Margaret's recovery than fifty doctors could have effected, and by the time the "Rose" had sighted the French coast her face had lost something of its wanness, and a faint color had found its way to her cheeks.

She spent most of her time sitting on deck looking out to sea, trying to piece together the broken fragments of her shattered life.

For the future she had no plans, and could form none. Of what use or value could her life be to her when the man she had loved and trusted had broken her heart and left her desolate and utterly hopeless?

But as they neared Brest on the Brittany coast, she felt she must come to some decision. She was alive, alas! and the future lay before her; something had to be done with it.

Margaret, broken hearted and weighed down by sorrow as she was, was still the same Margaret, strong of purpose and self-reliant. Love she had done with for ever, happiness had passed beyond her reach, but her art still remained to her—the mistress whom those who serve find faithful to the end!

As the "Rose" sailed into the harbor, Captain Daniel came up to Margaret.

"We're nearing port, miss," he said, "but it don't follow that you and the 'Rose' need part company. Brest's a poor place for a lady to be turned out in. If so be as you care to go on with us, why I'll pick up a few things in port here to make the cabin more fit for you. I'm thinking, if you'll forgive me, miss, that the sea is doing you good, and that if you'd come on with the 'Rose' as far as Leghorn in Italy ——"

Margaret's face flushed faintly, and a light, the first that had shone there for many a day, glowed in her eyes. The captain saw it and pressed his point.

"Italy's the place, miss!" he said persuasively. "At Leghorn you'd be near Florence and Rome, and all the grand sights! But here, Brest, it's only a 'one hoss' place."

Margaret hesitated. The prospect of going to Italy contained as much pleasantness as any prospect could for her.

"Are you sure that I should not be in the way?" she said gently, "You are all so kind and make such sacrifices for me that——"

"Don't say another word, Miss Leslie," said Captain Daniel; for "Leslie" was the name Mrs. Day had given to her. "Me and my crew will be proud to have you with us!"

Margaret went ashore at Brest for a few hours and got some articles of dress, and the "Rose," staying no longer than was necessary to obtain provisions, set sail for Leghorn.

The weather was fine and the wind favorable, and in due course the "Rose" reached the Italian port.

Margaret's parting with Captain Daniel was characteristic of them both. When she offered to pay for her passage, the captain refused, at first politely, and then almost roughly and sternly.

"Why, Miss Leslie, sakes alive!" he exclaimed. "I'd rather see the 'Rose' at the bottom of the sea than me or my men should take a shilling piece from you; and all I say is, if you want to pleasure us, why, when you're tired of Italy and I—taliana, why, drop a line to Captain Daniel of Falmouth, and the 'Rose' shall come and take you away, and be proud to do it."

Margaret could scarcely speak, but she managed to get out a few words of thanks, and the captain, almost crushing her hand now very thin and white!—turned to go, but he stopped at the last moment to add a word.

"And, Miss Leslie, don't you be afeared of me and my men a-cackling. There's not a man as can't keep his own counsel, and there's not a man as wouldn't rather be strung up at the yardarm than admit that he'd ever set eyes on you! No, miss, so far as the 'Rose' is concerned, your whereabouts is as safe as if we didn't know."

Then he went, and Margaret was, indeed, left alone in the world without a friend!

Captain Daniel had engaged a room for her at the hotel, but to Margaret, whose wounded heart ached for quiet and solitude, the busy seaport seemed noisy and intrusive, and the next day she started for Florence.

Fortunately she had some money with her, not a large sum, but the captain's hospitality had left it intact, and Mrs. Day had promised to send on the notes which Margaret had left behind directly Margaret sent her an address.

For the present, for a few months at any rate, she was secure from the dread attacks of that most malignant of foes—poverty. And she had her art; and she was in Florence, the Florence of painters and poets, the Flower City of the old world!

The captain, who seemed as well acquainted with inland places as he was with the seaboard, recommended her to a quiet little hotel, overlooking the best view in Florence, and there, in a little room near the sky, Margaret found the solitude and quiet which she so much needed.

It was a very small hotel, more of a boarding-house than a hotel indeed, and, besides herself there were very few visitors, whom Margaret did not meet, as she took her meals in her own room.

One morning, the third after her arrival, she roused herself sufficiently to go into the town and purchase some painting materials, and, carrying them to a quiet spot commanding a view of the Arno and the wooded slopes above it, began to paint.

At first her hand trembled and her eyes were dim, for at every stroke of her brush the past came crowding back upon her, and she could almost fancy that Blair was lying by her side, and that she could hear his loving voice and bright laugh; but after a time she gained strength, and was gradually losing herself in her work—the work which alone could bring her "surcease from sorrow"—when she heard voices near her, and looking up saw a young girl coming quickly along the path.

She was a beautiful girl of about seventeen, with the frank, open face of sorrowless childhood, and the springy step of youth and health. The day was hot and she had taken off her hat which was swinging in her hand. Margaret had seen her before she had noticed Margaret, sitting almost hidden behind a bush, and she came on, singing merrily and swinging her straw hat to the tune.

Suddenly she caught sight of Margaret, and she and the song stopped abruptly.

It was almost impossible for her to pass so close without saying something in the way of greeting, and so she made a little bow, and said rather shyly:

"I'm afraid I startled you. I didn't know anybody was near or I shouldn't have made such a noise."

"I only heard you singing," said Margaret.

The words and the gentle tone, together with the beautiful face with its sad expression, seemed to fascinate the girl, and she drew nearer, saying timidly:

"But I was making a tremendous noise! You are painting?"

"Yes," answered Margaret with a sigh, "I am trying to do so."

"What a lovely spot you have chosen!" said the girl, looking round. "May I see what you have done? I am so fond of art myself, but"—and she made a little grimace—"I am a shocking stick!"

Then she colored furiously, and laughed with pretty embarrassment.

"That's slang, I know. I beg your pardon! But I learn it from Ferdy! There—

how stupid of me! Of course you don't know who Ferdy is: he is my brother."

By this time she had looked at the canvas.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "that is beautiful! You are an artist!"

"A poor one," said Margaret, smiling in spite of herself at the girl's enthusiasm.

"Oh, no; you are a real artist!" she said. "I know the real from the sham; because we have so many of the latter staying in Florence. Poor Florence! They make daubs of her all the year round, and send them about the world as true pictures, while they are only libels. But yours will be a beautiful picture! How splendidly you have got those trees, and that bit of cloud. Oh!" and she sighed, "I would give ten years of my life if I could ever paint like that!"

"That would be rather a heavy price if your life should be as happy all through as it is now," said Margaret, in her sweet, gentle fashion.

The girl looked at her and pondered for a moment, then she flung herself on the grass beside Margaret and said:

"Do you know, you reminded me of mamma just then. That is just how she speaks when she wants to scold me for my extravagances. Of course I wouldn't give ten years—or one year—of my life for anything; who would?"

Margaret sighed. How gladly would she have given all the remainder of her life to be able to wipe out the past—never to have see Blair, or to have known those few short weeks of happiness.

"It all depends," said Margaret gravely. "Some people's lives are not so happy that they could not well spare a few years from them."

The girl glanced at Margaret's pale face, and then at her black dress, and remained silent for a moment or two; then she said timidly:

"Do I interrupt you, sitting here? I will go at once if I am a nuisance."

"No, no," said Margaret quickly, and with a wistful smile. "You do not interrupt me; pray stay!"

"I like to see you paint," said the girl, after a pause. "Somehow you remind me so much of mamma, though, of course, you are so much younger! I wish you knew mamma! Are you staying in Florence?"

"Yes," said Margaret; "I am staying at the hotel there," and she pointed with her brush.

"Really! Then you must be——" exclaimed the girl quickly, but checking herself abruptly, and coloring with annoyance.

"I must be—what?" said Margaret, smiling at her embarrassment. "What were you going to say?"

"I was going to make one of my foolish speeches; and I'd better say it now I have gone so far, and get you to forgive me. I was going to say that you must be the young lady who lives so quietly at the hotel that they call her the 'Mysterious Lady.'"

Margaret smiled gently.

"Do they call me so?" she said, then she sighed, and went on with her work.

The girl sat and watched her for a moment, then she said:

"I had better go now, I have offended you," and she half rose.

Margaret put out her white hand, and laid it on her arm with a gentle pressure.

"Do not," she said. "You have not offended me. And now will you tell me something about yourself?"

She asked the question, not that she was at all curious, though the girl interested her, but to put her more at her ease.

"With all the heart in the world," was the instant reply. "Do you see that villa there—that one with the turrets? That is ours; mamma and Ferdinand, my brother, live there. It is called the Villa Capri; and, do you know, there are some beautiful views from it. If I were sure you wouldn't be offended, I would ask you to come and pay us a visit, and see if you could not make a picture of the river running below the woods. Oh, I would like that!"

Something in the girl's voice attracted Margaret's attention.

"Are you Italian?" she said.

"Half and half," was the reply, with a laugh. "My father was Italian, my mother is English. I call myself all English—please do not forget that!" she added, with all an English girl's frankness. "We say my brother represents the Italian side of the family. I should like you to know him. He is out riding this morning——"

Almost as she spoke a voice rang out clear and musical above the trees:

"Florence! Florence!"

The girl laughed and sprang to her feet, then she sank down again as quickly.

"It is Ferdy!" she cried. "Let him find me if he can!" and in a falsetto voice that rang quaintly through the hills, she called, "Ferdy! Ferdy!"

Margaret heard the dull beat of a horse's hoofs as the rider rode this way and that, misled by the echo, then, as if tired of the sport, the girl sprang to her feet and called with a full round tone, and Margaret saw a handsome young fellow ride pell-mell at them.

"Oh, take care, take care, Ferdy!" cried the girl.

But the warning came too late; the horse struck the leg of the easel with its fore hoof, and over went the whole apparatus, paint box, brushes, and the rest, leaving Margaret sitting smiling amidst the ruins.

The girl uttered a cry of dismay, and the young fellow, almost before he had pulled the horse in, flung himself from the saddle and stood bare-headed and penitent before Margaret.

"Oh, Ferdy, Ferdy, how could you be so reckless!" exclaimed the girl.

He put up his hand as if to silence her; then, as he went on his knees to recover the scattered implements, he said:

"Signorina, I am overwhelmed with shame! Believe me, I did not suspect that anyone was here beside this madcap sister of mine! Pardon me, I pray you! Have I frightened you? I shall never forgive myself! Is that right?" and he put the easel in its place with the greatest and most anxious care.

"Thank you, yes," said Margaret. "No harm has been done. You did not see me; that bush hid me. Please do not mind; it does not in the least signify!"

"Oh, but," he said, arranging the palette and paints with the nicest carefulness, "it signifies so much that I shall not sleep in peace unless you will forgive me!"

It was an Italian speech, but it was spoken with an air of sincerity that was singularly English, and the speaker's eyes were fixed earnestly and pleadingly upon Margaret's face, that her color rose, and she bent down and got her brushes to hide it. The girl glided to her side.

"Poor Ferdy! But it was very stupid of him, and he might have hurt you as well as the easel, and then I should never have forgiven him, whatever you had done. But you will forgive him, will you not?"

She seemed to set so much value on the expression of forgiveness, that Margaret, with a soft laugh, said at once:

"Certainly, I forgive him!"

The young man's face cleared instantly, and with the slight foreign accent, which was more marked in him than his sister, he said:

"I am deeply grateful! I do not deserve it. Florence have you told the lady your name? Will you tell her mine?"

The girl, at this direct invitation, stepped forward, and with a graceful little movement of the hand said:

"Madame, let me present to you my brother, Prince Ferdinand Rivani."

"And I, the Princess Florence, my sister," said the prince; and the prince bowed, and the young girl dropped a curtsey in courtly fashion.

"And now we have been formally introduced," said the girl, with a merry laugh. "We are friends, are we not, and you will come to see us? Ferdy, the lady——" she hesitated and looked at Margaret, and Margaret, with downcast eyes, said:

"Miss Leslie."

"Miss Leslie! What a pretty name! Why, it is more Italian than English, I think. Miss Leslie is staying at the hotel."

The prince drew himself up, and, with the same fixed regard of respectful, almost reverential, admiration, said:

"I shall have the honor of waiting upon Miss Leslie to-morrow—if she permits."

A servant who had been holding the horse came up, and as the prince mounted, the princess drew near and bent over Margaret.

"Mind! We are to be friends, you and I? I shall come with Ferdinand to-morrow!" then, laying her hand upon the horse's neck, she tripped off beside her brother.

Margaret sat and looked at the view with eyes that saw nothing. She had come to Florence for solitude and seclusion, and already that solitude was threatened. What should she do? The girl was so lovable that Margaret's tender heart already felt drawn towards her. All the more she should guard against the possibility of an intimacy between her — nameless and under a cloud of shame—and these high-born Italians.

With a sigh she began to put her easel together, thinking that she must leave Florence in the morning, when she saw a newspaper lying on the ground.

It was folded up and had evidently fallen from the pocket of the prince.

Half mechanically she opened it and saw that it was an English newspaper of some weeks back. Still mechanically she let her eyes wander over the columns, when she discovered among the provincial news an account of her own death off the rocks at Appleford.

Trembling and shuddering, for the lines brought back all the torture of that day, she read the succinct narrative and found that in very truth the world had accepted her death as a fact beyond question. But a strange coincidence awaited her, for turning to the births, marriages, and deaths columns, she saw this announcement:

"At Leyton Court, on the 25th instant, Martha Hale, aged 68, the faithful servant of the Earl of Ferrers."

In one and the same paper was the account of her own death, and that of the only person whom she would have to acquaint with the fact that she was living! The last link between Margaret Hale and Mary Leslie was broken, and the past was had slipped away as completely as if, indeed, the tidal wave had washed her out to sea!

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was autumn, but such an autumn as often puts summer to shame.

The skies were as blue, the air as soft, as those of July; but that the leaves had changed their emerald hues for those of russet-brown and gold, one might well be tempted to believe that summer was still with us and the winter afar off.

The sun poured its generous warmth over the Villa Capri, laving the white stone front of the graceful house with its bright rays, and tinting the statues on the terraces, which, in Italian fashion, rose in three tiers from the smooth lawn to the salon and dining room windows.

On the highest of the three terraces, lying back in a hammock chair of velvet tapestry was an old lady with a face of aristocratic beauty set in snow-white hair.

At a little distance, pacing up and down, were two young ladies, the younger of the two, with her arm around the waist of her companion, and her beautiful young face turned up with that air of pure devotion and affection which only exists in the heart of one woman for another.

The old lady was Princess Rivani, the mother of Florence and Ferdinand; and the two girls were Margaret and Florence. It had come to pass that Margaret was an honored inmate of Villa Capri.

The Princess Florence had fallen in love with Margaret's lovely face, and its sad, gentle smile, and still more with her sweet voice, and had taken a fancy that Margaret's presence in the villa was necessary to her existence; and as the princess' whims were born to be gratified, Margaret was thus here!

There had been some difficulty at first, for Margaret shrank from forming any acquaintance, least of all friendship, and had stood out against the pressing invitations which the Rivanis had given her, but ultimately she was compelled to give away for Princess Florence had shed tears, and almost fallen at Margaret's feet; and so, after a long struggle, she consented to go to the villa in the capacity of drawing-mistress to the young girl.

The mother who made a rule never to deny her darling child any innocent and harmless desire, welcomed Margaret with the gentle sweetness of a patrician, combined with the frank candor of an old lady.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Leslie," she had said. "You have won my daughter's heart, and your presence seems necessary to her happiness. I trust you will not let her be a burden to you: please consider the villa your home while it seems good to you to remain with us, and I hope it will be for a long period."

That was all; but as the signora—as the elder princess was called—always said what she meant, and never more than she meant, it was a good deal.

She had scanned Margaret's face when she had been presented to her, and had listened to her voice, and was convinced that Margaret was a lady, and a fit companion for the princess, and she had said so in a sentence to her daughter.

"I like your friend, Florence, and I can understand the charm she exerts over you. It is a very lovely face, a——"

"Is it not, mamma?" exclaimed Florence enthusiastically.

"—But it is a very sad one I am afraid, Miss Leslie has had some great trouble, one of those sorrows which set their mark upon the heart, as a fell disease brands the face."

"But you will not like her the less for that, mamma?" Florence had said, and the signora had replied with a sigh,—

"No, rather the more, my dear," for the signora had suffered also in her life.

So the princess had her wish gratified, and Margaret came to the villa, and the princess, instead of growing tired of her, as one would be tempted to prophecy, seemed to grow attached and devoted as days rolled into weeks, and the weeks into months.

If it had not been for the experience of the grandeur of Leyton Court, Margaret might have been overwhelmed by the splendor of Capri Villa, for the Rivanis were great people, of the best blood in Italy, and lived in a state befitting their rank.

The villa was not so large as the Court—that Court which Blair had often told her that she would one day be mistress of—but it was exquisitely situated, and the interior was replete with the refined splendor of a palace.

The suite of rooms allotted to Margaret were large and grand enough for a duchess, but when she murmured something in deprecation of such sumptuous apartments, the princess had opened her blue eyes wide and smiled with surprise.

"Oh, but I want you to be comfortable, dear! I want you to feel at home—that is the English phrase, isn't it?"

"Yes, but 'at home' all my rooms would have gone into the smallest you have given me!" Margaret had said smiling.

"Really! Well, at any rate you need large rooms, for are you not an artist, and do you not want a studio? Ferdinand has given orders that the large room with the big window is to be fitted up as a painting room for you, and he promised to choose some pictures, and some curios, and all those kind of things you artists love, to furnish it. He has gone to Rome, you know."

Margaret looked rather grave. A prince is a prince to the English people, and it rather alarmed her that she should be the cause of so much extra trouble to his highness.

The princess laughed at her serious countenance.

"Do not look so grave," she said. "It was Ferdy's own idea. He chose the rooms, and said how nice the big one would do for a studio. You can't think how thoughtful he is—when he chooses to think at all!"

"His highness is very good," said Margaret. "But I am ashamed to give him so much trouble."

The princess laughed again.

"Ferdy loves trouble. His great grief is nothing to do, for you see there is nothing to employ him here, the steward looks after the land, and the major-domo does all the business in the villa, and there is nothing poor Ferdy can do when he is away from the Court. I want you to like my brother, Miss Leslie," she added.

"I should be very ungrateful if I didn't," said Margaret.

All this had occured on the first day of her arrival; since then the studio had been furnished and she had been made to feel as if she were part and parcel of the Rivani family.

Just before Margaret's arrival the prince had been called away by his duties to the Italian court, and the three ladies were left alone, so that Margaret had as yet had no opportunity of thanking him for his kindness, of which she was reminded every time she entered the luxurious studio he had furnished for her.

As the day glided by the old lady found the charms which the Princess Florence had so readily acknowledged, begin to work upon her.

She liked to have Margaret near her, to read to her, and talk with her, and one day Florence said to her mother with loving archness—

"Why, mamma, Miss Leslie is as much your friend as mine now! I am getting jealous!" and the old lady smiled a gentle assent.

"Miss Leslie is a very good type of an English girl, Florence. She is beautiful, very beautiful, and yet not vain, clever and yet modest, and she possesses a sweetness of disposition which is the best gifts the gods can bestow. Yes, I think you are very fortunate when you found her that morning on the hills," and the Princess Florence kissed her mother and was satisfied.

Margaret's lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places, and if the possession of good and true friends and the comforts of luxury brought to the highest state of perconid have brought happiness she should have been happy.

But the sadness which wrapped her as in a veil through which she smiled, and sometimes laughed, never left her, and she spent hours in her studio, with the brush lying untouched, and her dark eyes fixed

dreamily upon the hills which rose before her windows.

She could not prevent her thoughts traveling back towards the past, that past with which she had done for ever, and often in the gloaming of the late summer evenings she would see Blair's face rise before her, and hear his voice as she had heard it during those few happy weeks when she had believed him to be her lover and her husband.

There was only one way of escape from these thoughts, this flitting back of her heart which brought her so keen an anguish, and that was in work.

She had come to the villa on the understanding that she should give lessons in painting to the princess, but Florence soon showed the futility of such an arrangement.

"Dear, you will never make me an artist," she said; "never, do what you will! I can learn to paint a barn or a village pump, so that I needn't write 'this is a barn,' or 'this is a pump,' underneath them, but that is all. Don't waste your valuable time upon an impracticable—isn't that a splendid English word?—subject, but do your own work. I'll bring you my dreadful daubs, and you shall tell me where I am wrong, but you sha'n't work and drudge like an ordinary drawing-mistress. I daren't let you, for the last words Ferdy said were, 'Don't abuse Miss Leslie's good-nature and bore her! Remember that she is an artist, and she's something to the world that you must not rob it of!' and Ferdy said wisely."

"I think he spoke too generously, and thought only of the stranger within his gates," said Margaret.

"But mamma thinks the same," said the princess. "She has set her heart upon your painting a great picture while you are at the villa! You know that mamma and Ferdy are devoted to art; I think that either of them would rather be an artist—a true artist—than Ruler of Italy, and if you want to do them an honor, why paint a grand picture, exhibit it at the Salon, and date it from the Villa Capri."

Life at the villa Margaret found was one of routine—pleasant, easy routine—but still carefully measured out and planned.

At eight the great bell in the campanile rang for rising; at nine the household gathered in the hall for prayers; at half-past breakfast was served. At one o'clock the luncheon bell rang, and at seven the major domo, in his solemn suit of black, stood at the door of the drawing-room to announce dinner.

There was an army of servants, male and female, and the three ladies were attended with as much state as if the king were present.

Between breakfast and dinner Margaret worked.

Art is a jealous mistress; she will not share her shrine with any other god, even though it be Cupid himself. If Margaret had remained the happy wife of Lord Blair, it is a question whether any more pictures of worth would have left her easel, but now, with her great sorrow ever present with her, she felt that her work alone would bring her partial forgetfulness.

And she did work. At first she thought she would paint a view of Florence from the hills, and she made a very fair sketch; but, about a week after her arrival at the villa she was sitting before a fresh canvas, and, her thoughts flying back to the past, she, all unwittingly, took up the charcoal and began to draw the outline of the Long Rock at Appleford.

It was not until she had sketched in the whole of the scene that she became conscious of what she was doing; and when she had so become conscious, she took up her brush to wipe the marks out. Then she hesitated. A desire to paint the scene took possession of her, and she went on with it.

She painted the rock with the sea raging round it and the sky threatening it from above, and as she painted, the whole scene came back to her just as a scene which a novelist has witnessed with his own eyes comes back to him.

And as the picture grew it exerted a fascination for her which she could not put from her.

On this she worked day after day, carefully locking up the unfinished picture in the mahogany case which the prince had supplied with the rest of the furniture of the studio.

She felt that she could do nothing until it was finished.

One day the princess knocked at the door and Margaret, before she opened it, hurriedly enclosed the canvas in its mahogany case.

"Why you have shut your picture up!" said the princess, in a disappointed tone

"I will show it to you, if you wish," said Margaret, laying her hand upon the key; but the princess stopped her.

"No, no," she said. "Do not. I think I understand! It is your great picture, is it not? And you do not want anyone to see it until it is finished."

Margaret was silent for a moment, then as the princess put her arm around her and laid her soft cheek against Margaret's she said,—

"If I ever am so fortunate as to do anything approaching 'great,' this will be it, and I don't want you to see it until it is finished, princess."

"I would not see it for worlds until you say that I may, dear," said the girl in a loving tone.

Day by day Magaret worked at the picture; it took possession of her body and soul. All the anguish of that awful night, when she battled against life and prayed for death, were portrayed in that savage sea and darkling sky.

She finished the scene, and was looking at it one day, with the dissatisfaction that the true artist always feels, when she thought of the words of Turner: "No landscape, beautiful as it may be, is complete without the human figure, God's masterpiece in nature."

She pondered over this for a while, then, taking up her brush, she painted on the top of the rock the figure of a woman.

It was that of a young girl, half kneeling and half lying, the water lapping savagely at her feet, and her face upturned to the angry sky.

Half unconsciously she painted that face as her own—a girl's face, white and wan, marked with an agony beyond that of the fear of death.

Despair and utter hopelessness spoke eloquently in the dark eyes and attitude of the figure; and when she had finished it she stood and gazed at it, half frightened by its realism.

As the musician puts sorrow into song, the poet, his grief into verse, so she, the artist, had translated her own anguish into painting.

Those wild waves, that dark and awful sky she had seen; that clinging figure on the rock, with its white, anguished face was herself.

She was almost frightened, and, taking up the palette knife, was about to cut the canvas from its frame, but some feeling restrained her hand.

She knew that if it was not a great pictur, it was a picture at which no one could look and pass by unmoved.

She locked the door of the cabinet which enclosed the canvas and went on the terrace and found the princess waiting for her.

The girl put her arm around Margaret's waist, and led her up and down, the signora looking on at the pair smilingly.

"And have you nearly finished your picdear?" asked Florence.

"Yes," said Margaret dreamily. "It is quite finished."

"Oh, how splendid!" exclaimed Florence. "Ferdinand will be so pleased. He is coming this evening, you know, dear."

"I did not know," said Margaret, still absently.

"Ah, no, I forgot. I did not tell you, because mamma cautioned me not to say anything that might disturb you at your work. He is coming, and rather a large crowd with him.

Margaret, as the girl spoke remembered noticing that some preparations seemed to have been going on in the villa for some days past, as if for many guests, she had thought little of it at the time, her mind being absorbed in her work.

"My brother often brings some of his friends back with him," said Florence; "they like the quietude of Florence after the bustle of the Court. How glad I shall be to get him back, not that I have missed him so much this time, for, you see, I have had you, dear."

"I am afraid I have been a very poor companion," said Margaret.

"You have been the dearest, the best, and the sweetest a girl was ever lucky enough to find!" responded the princess earnestly.

They walked up and down the terrace some time, talking about the prince and his many virtues, as a sister who adores her brother will talk to her closest bosom friend; then Margaret went to her own room.

The thought of the coming influx of visitors disturbed her; like most persons who have endured a great sorrow, she shrank from meeting new faces, and she resolved to keep to her own rooms, as it was understood she should do when she pleased, while these gay people remained.

Towards evening the guests arrived, and Margaret, from behind the curtains of her long window, saw several handsome carriages drive up to the great entrance, and a group of ladies and gentlemen—most of the latter in military or court uniforms; in their midst stood the tall figure of the prince, towering above the rest, his handsome face wearing a grave smile of welcome, as he ushered his friends into the house, in which were the usual stir and excitement attending the arrival of a large party.

Margaret drew the lace curtains over her window, and took up a book. Presently the dressing bell rang, and then the dinner bell, and soon after there came a knock at the door. In response to her "come in," the Princess Florence entered in her rich evening dress, and ran across the room.

"Why, dear, aren't you dressed!" she exclaimed.

"I am not coming down to dinner tonight, Florence, if you will excuse me," said Margaret gently.

"Not coming down to dinner? Oh, Miss Leslie! I am so sorry! And Ferdy, he will be so disappointed!"

"The prince," said Margaret, smiling at the girl's earnestness; "I do not suppose your brother will notice my absence, Florence."

"Not notice!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, he asked about you almost directly after he had got into the house; and he has inquired where you were at least half a dozen times.

"The prince is very kind," said Margaret, "but I will not come down to-night, dear."

"You do not like all these people coming?" said the princess; "and yet you would like them, they are all so nice and friendly; it is a sort of holiday for them, you know."

"I am sure they are very nice, dear," said Margaret, "but I would rather be alone."

There was nothing more to be urged against such quiet decision, and the princess kissed her and reluctantly went down to the salon.

A maid who had been set apart to wait upon Margaret, brought her her dinner, and Margaret took up her book afterwards and tried to lose herself in it. Now and again she took up a candle and looked at her picture, and every time she looked at it the present failed her and the past stood out before her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILD-MARRIAGE.—A brutal charge of cruelty, illustrative of the evils of child-marriage, is under investigation by the chief magistrate of Calcutta. The complainant is a Hindoo girl aged 11. She states that she has been living with her husband for the last eighteen months. her husband has a brother and his mother living in the same house, that she had to do all the cooking and the household work, and that her mother-in-law frequently beat and ill-used her.

One day she accused her of using too much salt in a dish that she was cooking. Her mother-in-law abused her all day, and threatened that she should be branded. At ten o'clock her husband, his brother and her mother-in-law threw her down, and the men bound and gagged her, while the woman branded her with an iron ladle which she heated in the fire. She was branded three times on the cheek, also on the legs and arms. Four days later she managed to get away and sought her mother's protection.

The doctor who had examined the child's injuries deposed that he had no hesitation in saying the burns were caused by branding with a red-hot iron. The girl alleged that she had been cruelly treated ever since she had asked the reason as to the visit of a certain Mohammedan. The family hold a respectable position.

THE AVERAGE MAN.—An observant citizen makes the following calculation, which is given for what it is worth: Out of every ten average American men, one will take the wrong side of the walk, two will stand in the door of a car if there is no seat, three will sport a toothpick in their mouths in public, four will expectorate in public places, five will carry an umbrella horizontally under their arms in the street, six will cross their legs in a car, seven will fail to remove their hat in a down-town elevator when a lady enters, eight will forget to shut a car door when they go in or out, nine will risk their lives to catch a train when they could just as well wait for the next one, and the whole ten will growl all their lives at public nuisances without doing anything to abate them.

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

Bric-a-Brac.

BEAR-BAITING.—A cruel diversion of causing dogs to fight with a bear; once common in various countries. In England, it was an amusement, not only of the common people, but among nobles, and even royal persons; it is related that Queen Elizabeth did not consider it unbefitting her sex or rank to attend these rude entertainments. The places where bears were kept and publicly baited were called bear-gardens. Like bull and badger baiting it has long ceased.

THE FAN.—In Shakspeare's time the fan was made with a long stout handle, and was carried by men and was often employed by fathers in castigating refractory children. In the days of Queen Catharine Braganza, before the era of parasols, it was used by high dames and ladies of the court as a sunshade, its liberal proportions admirably serving the purpose of a modern sunshade. The fan may not inaptly be regarded as a symbol of civilization. The classic writers of Greece speak of its uses and beauty, while the paintings in the relics of Thebes show that the Egyptians were accustomed to its use.

THE NAME.—In New York fifty or more years ago there were established a number of so-called "porter-houses," places where porter and ale were sold. The tradition is that a beef-steak was called for at a butcher-shop, and, none being on hand, a cut from a roasting-piece, about to be sent to a porter-house was given to the customer. It proved so much superior to the ordinary steak that when he called next he asked for a porter-house steak, so the cut became choice and the name popular. Nor was it many years before the American invention had crossed the seas and became known under the same name in England.

ST. NICHOLAS.—St. Nicholas, one of the patron saints of boys, was created Archbishop of Myra in Greece, in the year 342 A.D., and was marked by the benevolence of his disposition, which took the form of protecting orphans and seamen in distress, on which account churches near the sea are, in many instances, dedicated to him. The saint was also the patron of scholars, clerks and robbers. The former is due probably to the fact that he was an educated man, but why the latter, is a mystery which has never yet been explained satisfactorily. Saint Nicholas is credited with having proved a father to dowerless maidens, to whom he flung purses of gold through their chamber windows.

"WHO BREAKS PAYS.—The story told of the origin of this saying is that in Fleet street, London, not far from Temple Bar and close to a famous resort called "The Devil," was a small drinking place kept by one Fleschman and frequented by a more boisterous crowd than the lawyers and literary men who went to "The Devil" for refreshment. No sign adorned the front door until one day the landlord after a melancholy survey of his broken glasses and dismembered furniture, nailed up a device roughly imitated from his neighbor's—St. Dunstan seizing the devil by the nose—only the saint's tongue was elongated until it nearly resembled a spade and on it was written, "Who breaks pays." This sign attracted the attention of all Fleet street, and the legend became a byword among the wits and lawyers of the day.

BOXING DAY.—Boxing Day, held on the first week day after Christmas is a great institution in England. The origin of boxing is derived from the custom that formerly prevailed of carrying from door to door a box for the purpose of collecting small presents. The practice of thus collecting alms is supposed to have arisen from a custom of the sailors who left a box for each ship in charge of the priests, who offered prayers for the safety of said vessels. These boxes contained money or articles of value, and were opened at Christmas—thus the phrase, "Box money to supply the priest's box." The poorer people begged of their richer neighbors to be enabled to contribute their share of box money. Thus the formula of boxing still continues, and in many places we have the Christmas waits and carol singers and dustmen and public workers regularly turning up to seek their box money.

A WOMAN is responsible for the suggestion that along with other improvements in theatre seats there may be an arrangement by which they be sunk through a trap in the floor into a saloon below so that men can go out between the acts and see a man without treading on the toes of all the women seated near them.

THE LATER YEAR.

BY ALBERT LAIGHTON.

The world puts on its robes of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist;
The days are mellow, and the long calm nights
To wondering eyes like weird magicians show,
The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods at autumn's rustling step
The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE crowd stands farther off upon the lawn now, and only one person remains immediately under the wall of the tottering building.

He stands close beside the ladder, holding out his arms and calling loudly to the one above him.

"Drop her, Lovelace! I will catch her. It is your only chance!"

Lovelace pauses and looks down at the fair resolute face upturned to his, the sturdy arms extended for the burden which is encumbering him so fearfully.

He feels another shiver go through the wall against which the ladder is pitched, and that decides him.

"Look out, there!" he calls, in reply, and the next moment Aubrey St. John receives into his arms the now half-insensible form of the servant girl.

It is a great shock, coming as it does from a considerable height; but his strong frame stands it well, and he hastens to lay his burden down at a safe distance from the house.

Before he has time to turn round another cry reaches his ears, mingled with the crash of falling brickwork, and, looking back at the house, he sees with horror that the part of the wall against which the ladder was pitched has fallen in, the ladder falling with it some few feet, and finally resting upon a half-demolished window-sill, which the slightest movement on the part of Lovelace will bring down instantly.

He has kept his hold so far, clinging to the ladder when it fell, and enduring the scorching fire beneath him as best he can, but now further descent seems impossible.

The tottering casement will not bear a movement, and it seems as if he must stand there and wait for his death, either until the flames from below reach him, or until the building falls in and buries him in its ruins.

The people stand silent and breathless, unable to help or speak, watching for the terrible end. But St. John is again equal to the occasion.

"Come on!" he shouts to the other men, and, running up to the ladder, he holds it with all his strength, aided, in another moment, by Randal and Bentham.

"Make haste, Lovelace!" shouts Aubrey. "We'll have you down yet!"

Lovelace does make haste. He sees the need of it—as much for the sake of the bold men below as for his own.

His foot is almost on a level with their heads when, with a loud crash, the whole front and sides of the building fall in, the ladder with them, and the four men are buried in the smoking debris.

Only for a minute, however. Very soon Bentham and Blakey pick themselves up and emerge from the ruin of bricks and mortar, half-choked with dust, but otherwise unhurt; and just as Juliet, in advance of the rest, runs up with pale face and extended trembling hands, another form rises slowly—a tall stalwart form which she recognizes with sudden joy and relief as her husband's.

She is about to call him by name, to lay her hand upon him to make quite sure that it is he indeed, still preserved to her, but he does not take any notice of her. He turns to the others as if half blinded, saying hoarsely:

"Where is he?" Where is he? Is he safe?"

"He'll turn up directly, no fear," answers Bentham, beginning to kick about the rubbish. "That was a close shave, Lovelace—a risky a thing as ever I saw!"

But the other turns away to commence a search by himself.

The fire is not so hot for the moment, being half-smothered with the heavy fall of brick-work, so that they are able to pursue their search on the outskirts of the ruin without present danger.

"Where can he be?" repeats Lovelace. "Where can he be?"

They have not far to look. Under the ladder, which, in its turn, is weighed with a mass of timber and brick and stone work, lies the still form of Aubrey St. John, the face turned up to the glowing sky, the short fair hair a little singed here and there, falling over the sunburnt brow, the earnest gray eyes closed.

"He is dead, I suppose," says Lovelace, in the same hoarse half-whisper. "Let us carry him out of this."

"Wait a bit," says Bentham, who has some slight knowledge of surgery. "His heart beats, I'm sure. Don't disturb him until we see."

"Some of you go for a doctor this instant," commands Lovelace, looking up with lips almost as pale as those of the unconscious man.

Several of the servants start off in different directions on horseback; and he goes on:

"If we could but get him to the lodge—it is not so far."

"Shall I run on and help to get ready for him?" says Juliet, stooping over his broad shoulder as he kneels on the ground looking at the ghastly face on Bentham's arm.

"Is it of any use?" he asks of Bentham.

"There will have to be a move—he can't stay here—the fire gets hotter every moment, and a few yards more or less won't make much difference to this poor fellow."

Something in his tones warns Lovelace of the truth. He turns again to his wife, carefully keeping his eyes from her face however.

"Go, then, Juliet," he says. "It will be the best thing you can do."

She speeds away, and she and Mrs. Evans, the woman at the lodge, soon have a bed ready, and every appliance for ease and comfort that they can contrive.

While they are thus engaged a low dull roar of approaching wheels is heard, at first in the far distance, but quickly drawing nearer and nearer.

"The engines at last!" exclaims poor Juliet.

They go to the window just in time to see them almost flying through the gates, the jaded horses foaming and steaming, the bright helmets glittering in the red light of the fire.

"Too late!" she says sadly. "Oh, poor Aubrey!"

In a few minutes more a sad procession makes its way into the pretty ivy-covered lodge, headed by Sir Evelyn Lovelace and Captain Blakey.

On a hastily-improvised stretcher lies the almost inanimate form of Aubrey St. John, borne by some of the men, and beside it walks Bentham, looking very grave and anxious.

"Oh, is he dead?" escapes from Juliet's pale lips as they lay him carefully down upon the bed.

"Not dead, Lady Lovelace," answers Bentham; "but I wish a doctor could be found."

As if this wish were heard and instantly granted, the sudden clatter of a horse's hoofs is heard upon the road, and directly afterwards old Doctor Abbott stands in their midst, the sight of his familiar face bringing fresh hope to the saddened hearts around him.

"Oh, doctor, can you save him? It is my cousin Aubrey!" cries Juliet, clinging to the arm of the old man.

"I will do all that I can, my dear lady, you may be sure," he says. "Now do you go into the other room, and let me see to him."

She does not look at her husband, or the expression on his face might make her wonder—so bitter and despairing is it.

Randal leads her into the next room, and puts her, half dazed, into a chair; and then the servants all return to the scene of the fire, to render what help they can to the firemen, while Bentham, Lovelace, and Blakey go back with the doctor into the room where the unconscious man lies, and Juliet is left in the little parlor alone. After a while the door opens and Lovelace appears, looking worn and haggard.

"Well, what news?" she asks, looking up at him.

He does not answer, but turns his face away from her.

"Is he dead?" she ventures fearfully.

"Not yet, but he is dying, Juliet! I have killed him—your cousin!"

"You have killed him! What do you mean?"

"Not intentionally, of course. But he gave his life for me, whether I would or not. Heaven knows, Juliet, I would have saved him if I could!"

"Is he really dying? Are you quite sure?" she asks, half-frightened at his haggard face and despairing looks.

"Yes. His back is broken, it can only be a question of time. You see," he continues, a little more calmly, "he was next to the ladder, and least able to escape from it when it fell. The other two were farther off—they would never have dared to go it at all but for him—so they say. It fell upon him; and, Juliet, I could not help it—I would willingly have died in his stead!"

What does he mean by this pleading—coming to her as if for pardon! She looks at him wonderingly.

"May I see him?" she asks, rising from her chair. "Is he conscious?"

"Not yet, but Doctor Abbott says he will be before——"

He slowly crosses to the opposite side of the room without finishing his sentence.

She sinks back into her chair, and presently she observes, in the dim light of the little lamp that is set upon the table, that one arm hangs straight and apparently helpless at his side, that his face is scorched and blackened with fire and smoke, and that the blood is dried and clotted round a dark red wound in his temple.

"You are hurt," she says, with sudden concern, leaving her seat and going up to him. "You must see the doctor, too. What is the matter with your arm?"

"Don't trouble about me; I shall do very well," he answers roughly; and she turns away wounded at his sudden coldness.

Then the door again opens, and Bentham and Blakey both enter the room.

"We are going back to the house now," says Bentham. "He is conscious, and wants to know if you are safe. Go and show him yourself, Lovelace, and then I suppose you will follow us? It may be hours before there is any change in him, the doctor says."

"I'll go," he answers curtly, walking towards the door.

He steps out of the room in silence, and they hear him go into the one opposite, and shut the door after him.

CHAPTER XV.

"MY poor boy, I am afraid you have give your life for me," says Sir Evelyn, as he bends over the bed where Aubrey lies.

"Not for you," Aubrey answers between short pauses for strength. "For her—for her."

"For Juliet?" questions Lovelace, trying to conceal his jealous feelings.

"Yes—you must not thank me—it was for her sake—because she loves you."

"Loves me!"

"You must learn to love her, Lovelace; she is worth it—I have good reason to know it."

"Learn!" echoes Sir Evelyn hoarsely, while Doctor Abbott noiselessly leaves the room. "I loved her before I married her—have loved her ever since! It is she—she who would have none of my love——"

"No, no; you mistake her," interrupts the other. "You have been misled—you know best by whom—she loves you; she told me so herself. She thinks she is a burden to you, and has grieved so that she prevented your marriage with Edith."

"Edith!"

Lovelace raises his head disdainfully, and paces the room for a few minutes in an uncontrollable burst of bitter feeling.

But he soon returns to the bedside, putting away for the time all thought of himself to minister to the comfort of the brave young fellow who has given him life and love and happiness.

"And you saved me because you knew she loved me!" he says, stooping over him again, and gazing almost tenderly into the glistening eyes raised to his. "You saved me—for her! Heaven bless you, St. John! If I lived for a hundred years, I could never repay such a debt as this!"

"I only want to know that you are going to be happy together, before I die," answers the other wistfully.

"Then you may be sure of that. If Juliet loves me only one half as much as I love her——"

He stops, overcome by the strength of his agitation, and after a moment's struggle with himself he falls upon his knees by the bed, and covers his eyes with one scorched and bleeding hand.

"I am satisfied," says Aubrey, smiling weakly. "You know, Lovelace, that I cared for her before—before she married you. But she never in all her life cared for me in—that way; and I—I never forced my love upon her. I think you ought to be assured of this, because Edith——"

"I will never listen to her again!" Lovelace declares vehemently. "She seemed sorry for me, and I, like a fool, trusted in her! Believe me, St. John, though I did think you cared for Juliet, and were disappointed at her marriage with me, I had always perfect faith in you. I never doubted either of you for one moment. But as you have mentioned Mrs. Blakey's name, I will admit to you that she led me to believe that Juliet was very miserable in her separation from you. After what she told me, I thought that you were both trying to do your duty, and that the sooner I was out of the way the better."

"I would have told you before if I had known all this," the weak voice returns; "but—neither she nor I imagined that you cared for her, Lovelace. You were so cold—so——"

"Because I did not want to force myself upon her. Oh, what miserable mistakes we have been making—and all through that—that woman!"—through his clenched teeth.

"Never mind now, Lovelace; it will be all right now. You can afford to forgive her."

"But you, my poor fellow," Lovelace begins brokenly.

"I shall be all right too. I am not afraid to die—I am glad. Give me your hand, Lovelace; I feel so strange."

"I will call the doctor."

"No; he can do me no good. Don't go away—I like to have you with me; she—loves you!"

"You will let me call her?" Sir Evelyn whispers, bending low over the dying man, across whose face the gray shadow of death is falling fast.

"No, no; best not. It would distress her; besides—I'm going, Lovelace. You'll tell her——"

"Everything—and give her your best love?"

"My best and dearest. You won't mind—now."

"Mind! My poor fellow, I would give everything I possessed to see you standing on your feet again!"

"Except her," supplements Aubrey, with a last faint smile.

Lovelace does not reply, but presses the cold hand lying in his grasp, and watches the changing face with burning sorrow in his dark eyes.

There are no more words exchanged between them after that.

St. John relapses into an unconscious state, murmuring occasionally to himself; and once Lovelace catches a fragment of a hymn which Juliet has often sung to the harmonium with them all standing round her, until at last, with a sweet smile lingering on his worn young face, Aubrey draws his last faint breath on his rival's arm, just as the first roseate flush of dawn streaks the dark sky.

* * * * * *

"Oh, what will Lucy say when she hears it?" sobs Juliet. "She always loved him!"

Lovelace looks tenderly at his weeping wife.

Here is ample corroboration of the young man's evidence, she weeps as much for another's sorrow as for his death.

But now is not the time for explanations and reconciliations; he feels that, as he grasps the table to steady himself.

"We must go home now, Juliet," he says presently. "The fire is nearly out, and every one is going now, except the firemen. You will be worn out."

She rises then, wipes away her tears, and takes her husband's proffered arm.

They go out into the faint gray light of the early morning, where they find Bentham and Blakey, standing by the gates and looking very weary and sorrowful, and most of the men-servants, belonging both to Compton and Tenham, grouped near them.

It is not far to Tenham, but the walk seems interminable to Juliet this gray summer dawn, when, for the first time since her marriage, she is the leader instead of the led, for, before they have gone far, her husband's long steady stride has changed to a faltering walk.

"Do you feel ill?" she once ventures to ask him in an undertone.

"A little tired," he replies, and then vainly tries to hasten his flagging steps.

She is very thankful when they are within the gates, and still more so when at last they reach the wide flight of steps leading up to the great hall door.

She does not release his arm, and any one looking at them might think that she was depending upon him for support, so pallid is her face, so weary and anxious the expression of her sad blue eyes; but in reality it is she who steadies him with her slight strength.

He reaches the top step, looks vaguely round, disengages his arm from his wife's with one determined effort, and then suddenly falls across the threshold, while the men crowd up to aid him, and Juliet goes on her knees beside him with a wild silent prayer that he too may not be dead.

* * * * * *

Sir Evelyn keeps his bed for three days after his return home, and he does not leave his room until the fifth day, before which time the remains of Aubrey St. John have been taken to Oaklands for burial.

His right arm is broken in two places, and his limbs badly scorched and burnt, beside the wound in his temple, caused by a brick striking him as it fell with the ruins of the house, and which at first made him slightly delirious.

But that passes off after the first forty-eight hours, and he takes a decided turn for the better, his constitution being too strong to fail to rally immediately the first shock is over.

Juliet is his constant attendant, and will not leave him save when the doctor insists upon her going out upon the terrace for a mouthful of fresh air, and then she fidgets so all the time to get back to him, fearing lest he should chance to ask for her in her absence, that her promenade does her almost as much harm as good.

On the day that he awakes to perfect consciousness the veil once more falls between them.

She is just as constant and tender in her ministrations, but her anxiety is concealed, and her speech nervous and forced; while on his part, weakness and his habitual reserve prevent him from speaking to her of what is in his mind.

Besides, the house is full of mourning now, and below, in the great, desolate, darkened rooms, Howard St. John, laments his first-born—the pride and hope of his house through twenty-three bright years; and little Lucy Burnet weeps for the lover whose letter she read with so joyful a heart on the very morning when he lay dead in the lodge at Compton Cheney.

But on the day when Lovelace leaves his bed, and sits up in a great arm-chair, his tied tongue loosens a little; he asks questions, and is told all that has happened during the last few days.

"You have not yet told me how the fire originated," he says presently.

"We do not quite know ourselves," says Juliet; "but there is every reason to believe that it was through one of the maids having put a damp dress too near the fire, to dry. Sally is so distressed at having caused all this—it was her dress—and she so longs to express her gratitude to you."

"Don't let her make any scenes," says he. "Don't let her come thanking me, or anything. I did only what I must have done for any fellow creature in the same extremity."

"Sometimes it is cruel not to let people express their gratitude," she suggests.

"Well, then, if her gratitude must be expressed, you shall express it, and then you can tell her you have thanked me for her. How will that do?"

"I—I don't understand," she slowly answers.

"How do people generally express their thanks?"

"By saying 'thank you.'"

"I mean—not in words."

"Oh!"

She draws back a few steps in sudden dismay.

"Not unless you like, Juliet. You know I did not want to be thanked at all."

He looks at her anxiously. She comes to his side in another moment, and touches his forehead with two tender trembling lips, and then hastens out of the room without once glancing behind her, leaving him smiling to himself over the memory of the first kiss.

The next day he is stronger.

"Juliet," he says gravely, as he sits in his big chair, "Aubrey died to give me back to you. Either he or I must have been killed that night, so he chose death for himself—for your sake, because—you had told him you loved me."

He stops, looking almost doubtfully at her, now that the actual moment has arrived when he must know the truth, while she kneels at his side, looking up at him with startled eyes and parted lips, the color coming and going feverishly in her face.

For a few moments they gaze thus into each other's eyes, and then her own droop with sudden consciousness.

"Did he tell you so—himself?" she murmurs.

"Himself—only a few minutes before he died. I also had something to tell him, Juliet, and he died happy in the knowledge that his sacrifice had not been in vain."

His eyes gaze yearningly upon her face. After a pause he continues:

"Tell me this, Juliet—have your feelings changed since then? Is there still hope for me? I have loved you all the time."

"You! You loved me!" she exclaims, in a tone of deep surprise; but the expression in the eyes which meet her own dispels all her doubts and fears for evermore.

"Is it so wonderful that I should love you?" he returns, stooping to put his uninjured arm about her, as she kneels beside his chair. "Kiss me, my wife, and give me the assurance which I crave for so much."

She puts her arms round his neck, whispering in his ear—

"Yes, I love you, my dearest. I thank Heaven that you have been restored to me!"

They do not speak for a long while after the one long grave kiss which unites them heart and soul in the bond of perfect love.

Juliet's head droops upon her husband's knee, and his hand rests caressingly upon her golden hair. Presently he says:

"Juliet, my love, I have so often blessed you for what you did! Even supposing I had not loved you, I think I should have been grateful to any good girl who had prevented my marriage with such a woman as Edith. Do you think I have been so much in her society without discovering her utter selfishness, her peevish temper, and her chronic discontentment with her own lot? I have seen it all—and much more. But I loved you, Juliet, I loved you before our marriage—I rejoiced secretly over the chance which put you in my hands, and—was I selfish because I did not let you go? And you loved me all the time, and I kept away from you? Juliet, Juliet, I cannot bear to think of it!"

"If we had only known the truth!" she murmurs, as he holds her to his breast again.

"Ah, we should have come to an understanding before now if it had not been for—her! Tell me, Juliet—did she know—had she any idea—that you—cared for me?"

She would fain leave this question unanswered, but he presses it.

"I suppose she did," she falters at last. "I got very excited once when she was talking about you, and told her the truth. I was sorry afterwards, because she knew I did not think you cared for me, and—and ——"

"How shall I forgive her?" he exclaims, between his clenched teeth.

"Oh, yes, Evelyn, you will forgive her! It is all over now. Don't let Randal know," she whispers. "He loves her so, and is so happy. Don't tell him anything."

"Very well; he shall go on being happy. He deserves it, and it is good for a man to be heartily in love with his wife, isn't it, Juliet?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you will always trust and love me, Juliet, as I trust and love you?"

"Always," she answers earnestly, with her pure soul gazing out at him through her blue eyes.

* * * * * *

It is six months since Aubrey St. John was laid to rest in his early grave.

It is winter now, and the snow lies thickly around Tenham, but within the great house there is warmth and comfort enough to make up for the cold and storm without.

Sir Evelyn and Lady Lovelace, after spending the remainder of the summer at their estate in Yorkshire, with the exception of a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Burnet St. John, have now returned to their home.

Captain and Mrs. Blakey, with their little son, who is so extremely delicate that they scarcely hope to rear him, are staying at Chalvington until Compton House is rebuilt.

A good deal of valuable property has been saved to them, thanks to Juliet's untiring energy during the fire, but their losses are very great, and they will be obliged to reduce their expenses considerably for the next two or three years.

The new house can never be to Juliet what the old one was—her own old home, full of the memories of the fiery old Colonel who showed such tender fondness for his lovely niece, who is now fast regaining her old vivacity and high spirits under the cheering influence of her husband's love.

She was quiet and preoccupied for some time after Aubrey's death, her thoughts busy with the brave fellow's noble sacrifice of his life for her happiness.

But with the first keen breath of winter she seemed to revive, and, as Sir Evelyn enters the room this cold afternoon, and finds her at the window watching the snow falling from the leaden clouds overhead, he has no hesitation in giving utterance to his thoughts.

"To think that you and I should ever stand together—thus!" he says, going up to her and putting her arms round his neck, and then encircling her waist with his own arms. "We wouldn't have believed it a year ago, if any one had told us, would we?" he continues, kissing her.

She looks up into his face—its proud lines relaxing in her presence—the stern eyes softening.

She no longer fears his haughty coldness or his stinging words of sarcasm; and when she rouses his somewhat fiery temper, as she sometimes does in her wilfulness, she laughs in his face with such a witching audacity that he forgets his anger in his great love.

"I can't think how you could ever have doubted my love for you, Juliet," he goes on. "Don't you remember I used to break out every now and then? I couldn't help myself, in fact."

"Yes, I remember, but something always happened directly afterwards to make me think you did it in pity."

"Pity, indeed! If I kissed every girl I pitied, I shouldn't get through the task in twelve months! Do you remember my kissing you at that Christmas party, Juliet?"

"Yes. Oh, I was so surprised!"

"And, anything else?"

"And pleased," she admits softly.

"We were very near to one another that night, Juliet, if we had only known," he says gravely.

He goes on more lightly, after a short pause—

"That boy Sidney was a capital little fellow—it was he who managed it all—he got the game proposed, and——"

"He told me," she interrupts, with flushing cheeks.

"Did he? Well, I'll forgive him. Ah, you were very unbelievable, madam—and a regular vixen into the bargain!"

"I!"—drawing herself quickly away from him.

"You, Lady Lovelace"—holding her fast. "Never was I treated by any one with such contumely as by my own wife, who promised to 'love, honor, and obey' me."

"Well," she murmurs, yielding to his strong arms, and looking down shamefacedly. "I suppose I was cross to you—a great deal more after I knew that I—loved you."

"Why would you not wear that locket I gave you? Because it was not made for you in the first instance?"

"No, indeed, that was not the reason," she answers earnestly.

"My darling," he says gravely, "you must pardon my outburst of temper on that occasion; it seemed to me in my anger that you would not wear it just because I gave it to you—and made that an excuse to get rid of it. I was very angry and hurt; you must forgive me that, Juliet, and forget it."

"Oh, yes—I did, long ago! And it was my fault too."

"And wear this one instead;" and he fastens round her neck a gold chain, from which is suspended a large locket, set with a diamond, the whole exactly similar to the one which met its fate under his wrathful heel.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaims. "Why, it is exactly like the other! Edith will think it is the same. She wanted to know one day why I never wore it, and I told her it was broken."

"Then let her think so. Now understand me, Juliet—I did not give you the other locket because I wouldn't buy you anything fresh, but merely because it was of no use my keeping it, and I did not know what else to do with it. Also, I wanted you to wear it, I wanted Edith to understand that I had transferred my gifts—my allegiance—my all—to the girl who had behaved so nobly for her selfish sake!"

She stands on tip-toe to kiss him, and he receives the kiss without returning it, which, together with the look of sternness that he has suddenly assumed, rather shames her, so that she ruffles her golden hair against his breast to avoid the keen glance of his eye, while she wonders to herself what is coming. After a few moments have passed, he raises her head with his hand and looks at her face.

"And now, Juliet, do you know that you are a sadly rebellious wife? Are you aware how many times you have disobeyed me with impunity? Do you mean to be more submissive in the future?"

"Do you?" she returns, laughing audaciously, and attempting to escape from his grasp.

But he holds her firmly, trying in vain to repress the smile upon his lips and the tender glance of love in his keen dark eyes.

"That is another thing. I am my own master, and yours too!"

"Really, sir!"

"Really, madam, and I must be obeyed. Will you obey me for love, if not for duty?"

His appeal, half command though it is, is irresistible. She puts both arms about his neck as she whispers her answer, with a little audacious laugh at the end of her sentence.

"Yes, dear Evelyn, indeed I will—sometimes."

"You incorrigible little darling! Ah, my Juliet, we have had 'a long pull and a strong pull' against each other, but now it shall be 'a pull all together'!"

[THE END.]

Wooing by Proxy.

BY T. B. C.

THE scene was by candle-light; the actors were two young men of different ages; the action was the combined efforts of two minds towards the composition of a love-letter.

That two men should put their heads together for the production of such a letter to one woman, the reader may find it difficult to credit.

Let the reader, however, digest the following facts, and the phenomenon may be explained: first, that one young man had recently broken his right arm; second, that the same young man, while supposing himself to be passionately attached to his fair correspondent, was more deeply enamored of his own dear self, whose pleasures he considered to be of more consequence than sentiment; third, that the other young man, a trifle more advanced in years, was absurdly and hopelessly interested in his friend's sweetheart, whose face he had seen only in a photograph.

The letter, as written so far, ran as follows:

"MY DEAREST LAURA:

"I write to inform you that I have broken my right arm, and must correspond with you by the aid of an amanuensis. I wish only to tell you that I love you as devotedly as ever—I think of you by day and dream of you by night. I long so to see you. Yesterday it rained——"

"The transition is a little abrupt," observed the scribe, "from sentiment to the weather."

"Scratch it out," said the disabled one, rubbing his head and pondering. "Let me think awhile."

He remained buried in apparent thought for some time, and finally exclaimed, with emphasis:

"I tell you, Hendricks, this kind of thing, this dictation business, does very well for spelling-classes and French exercises; but when it comes to love-making I declare it's paralyzing, it benumbs the feeling!"

"I quite agree with you," replied Hendricks, laughing; "and advise you to take the pen in your left hand and scrawl as best you may. A few blotted words from you will be more valuable——"

George shook his head.

"To some girls, perhaps, but not Laura. She detests everything that has the least appearance of childishness. She has a grand theory about people's remembering that they are men and women, and not children. Now," continued the lover, after a short pause, "I have thought of an excellent plan. I will furnish the ideas, and do you fill them up—enlarge, amplify, you know. For instance, I would like to write about books—Laura is always reading—and then you can go ahead to discuss the latest novel, or a new magazine."

"But, my dear George——"

"There is the July number of——on the table. Ask her what she thinks of that first essay. It's a little—overdrawn? Eh?"

Hendricks expressed an opinion which George immediately adopted as his own, and desired to have it put down in the letter.

It was put down, and in this fashion the letter proceeded to completion, and, owing to George's naïve strategies, ran quite smoothly and easily.

This was the first of a series of compositions which, originating in Hendrick's brain, and signed by George Hamilton, were read by a young lady many miles away, answered, admired, and cherished. Each letter bore firmer traces of Hendrick's mind and disposition than the one preceding, and each responding epistle spoke more frankly of the writer's honest convictions and enthusiastic fancies.

Hendricks was charmed. The extraordinary credulity of the fair correspondent can only be excused by recollecting the somewhat peculiar circumstances which controlled the engagement.

The death of Laura's father had plunged the girl into the wildest grief; bereft of both parents, she felt herself to be indeed alone in the world.

Her cousin, George Hamilton, hitherto personally a stranger, having but recently appeared in London, devoted himself to the task of cheering his beautiful but afflicted relative, and so successful were his efforts that Laura believed she had found in this bronzed Apollo the hero of her highest dreams.

As a hero he had once, indeed, figured before her eyes, when diving into watery depths he rescued a drowning acquaintance actually at the risk of his own life.

This brave deed threw such a wonderful halo around his handsome head that Laura very willingly confessed the love she fancied in her heart.

George soon afterwards left London to join a famous cricket match at Sevonsdale, but, having the misfortune to break his arm while attempting a prodigious muscular feat, remained a close prisoner in the farm-house.

The truth is, that Laura hardly knew her cousin. His tastes, mental acquirements, and views were matters of speculation only.

A certain George Hendricks had retired to Sevonsdale during the summer vacation to enjoy rural solitude, smoke his pipe, and, when in a poetical mood, to work at a half-finished tragedy in verse, which was destined by its author to astonish the world.

The two Georges met under the same roof, greeting one another as old friends, having once been teacher and pupil. The young professor was beginning to reap a modest harvest from an eloquent pen.

As the author of a new and successful novel, he had provoked criticism from more than one shining light in the literary world.

To resume the thread of our story. Several weeks of summer passed slowly by, and George's arm was on the recovery. He had grown weary of solitude. Letter-writing, even by the aid of such an able amanuensis, charmed him not; neither books, nor cows and chickens, nor nature's sweet communion.

He pined for the fellowship of congenial minds. One fine morning he packed up and started forth to join a yachting club, whose members were about to sail on a tour to fashionable watering-places.

His communication with Hendricks ceased after the arrival of a solitary postal card.

Hendricks, sadly missing his occupation of letter-writer, returned with a sigh to his neglected tragedy, to find that it had grown cold.

Its heroes ranted and strutted about like third-class actors. In disgust he locked it up, and indulged in sentimental reveries, and fruitless efforts to recall certain passages in Laura's letters.

Finally a thunder-bolt arrived. A letter from George announced that that worthy had met at Cowes "the jolliest girl—not superior, like Laura, but just the jolliest girl that ever waltzed."

The writer had flirted, danced, walked with, and proposed to this girl, who had at once accepted him. "Would Hendricks please explain the state of affairs to Laura, and secure his happiness, etc.?"

Hendricks started at once for London. On the way he reviewed the situation, determined to lay bare the proceedings of the past few weeks, shield George as far as possible, and stake his chance of happiness on an attempt to win for himself the hand of that sweet woman whose lovely thoughts and noble ideality had inspired him with such reverence.

It was late in the afternoon when he stood face to face with the reality of his dreams.

The pale, beautiful face, whose shadow of sorrow seemed aptly a reflection of the black dress she wore, touched Hendricks inexpressibly.

For one moment it seemed as if the task before him were an impossibility; how could he utter a word that would give her pain? His own hopes were completely forgotten.

In a faltering voice he commenced his story. He pleaded his only excuse for his share in the systematic course of misrepresentation: George's urgent persuasions, and his own deepening interest—nay, it was more than interest—he knew in his heart that he loved her.

The girl had listened quietly, so far, with bent head, and downcast eyes; but now she sprang to her feet, confronting him.

"I thank you, sir," she said, in quick, scornful tones, "for the compliment you think it necessary to pay me. Go, sir; be satisfied with the result of your scheme for a summer's amusement, and do not seek to injure me further by addressing to me such insulting words. Your vanity will rejoice to understand that I was completely duped. I believed my cousin loved me; I believed that he was all that his letters—those beautiful letters—represented him to be. You are a clever writer, Mr. Hendricks; your imagination is most wonderful! And then the trick of the initials was so cunning! My letters have been in your hands as trophies of your skill. Ah, my poor letters! What a tale of confiding innocence they will tell! Show them to the world, Mr. Hendricks—show them as a boast of——"

She stopped, overcome with bitter mortification, and, turning away, laid both hands upon the marble mantel, whereon she rested her head to conceal a sudden burst of tears. Hendricks impulsively rushed forward.

"Laura, dearest Laura, forgive me! I deserve your heartiest condemnation for my folly, but believe me when I say I love you. I love the guileless, unselfish nature, the clear, penetrating mind, the womanly sympathy, that I met in your letters. I love you as you stand there in your beautiful anger—"

"Is this," said Laura, raising her head, and scorn again flashing even through her wet lashes, "is this another evidence of your skilful imagination, or is it a proof of your chivalric sense of honor?"

"These sarcasms are wholly unmerited," interrupted Hendricks, almost sternly. "You cannot doubt that I love you. I ask from you only a word of forgiveness. Be the noble woman that I have loved in imagination, and bid me stay in London until I win your—your—nay, do not be alarmed—your coldest approbation, if I deserve no more!"

Laura turned her face towards him.

"I confess," she said, in a low voice, "that I never loved my cousin George. I admired an ideal, which I fancied was his character." She paused and looked down. "Perhaps I found my ideal in those letters," she added, gently.

"May I stay?" said Hendricks.

"Yes," replied Laura, giving him her hand.

SING TO ME.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Sing to me, dear, that old sweet song,
"Douglas, tender and true;"
Some day you will sing it above,
When silence is 'twixt us two.

But memory will steal to your heart,
Of another as "tender and true,"
Who saw the light die out in his life,
When he drifted away from you.

Love Conquers All.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN AND THE SINNER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE Captain gave a long whistle as Bernard passed out of sight.

"And that's the new owner of High Dutton!" he said. "He might have put on a decent suit of clothes, so that a fellow might know that he was somebody. What are your plans now, Mary?" he asked, turning to the girl.

"They are my own business, Captain Carver!" responded Mary.

She flashed a look of mingled scorn and pity upon him, scorn for his overtures and pity for his self-satisfaction.

"You have had my answer, Captain Carver," she replied. "Had you not better go and deliver it?"

"My conga," muttered the Captain. "How confoundedly cool she is about it too!"

He rose to his feet languidly.

"Shake hands, Mary," he said.

She hesitated slightly, and then took the proffered hand; and with that hand-shake it seemed to her she shook out the recollection of Captain Felix Carver from her mind and heart.

"One last kiss," he said, emboldened by what he conceived to his success.

She couldn't resist him, after all, thought Captain Felix.

"How dare you!" she cried, in a tone of infinite scorn, and she withdrew her hand from his detaining grasp.

She turned her back upon him; and Captain Felix, with a little confused laugh, passed across the bridge with the best grace he could muster.

But, when he had quite disappeared from view, Mary sank down upon the tree-trunk and sobbed with bitter vehemence.

The sun went down before she recovered from her wild abandon of grief and turned towards home—the home which at length, she thought with a sigh, she must prepare to leave for ever.

* * * * *

Mrs. Netherbury was sitting at her window, which looked out towards the rear of High Dutton, busy with her knitting-needles, when she became conscious of an intruder's shadow and a step on the gravel walk outside.

She glanced up, and saw Bernard Dutton standing at the window looking down at her.

Her first thought was one of apprehension, for Mr. Dutton looked shabby enough to suggest the desirability of precautions being taken with regard to the spoons and umbrellas in his immediate vicinity; but she was slightly relieved by hearing herself addressed by name.

"How do you do, Mrs. Netherbury? I should have known you most anywhere!"

She looked at him critically.

"Your memory is better than mine, sir," she responded; "I cannot say that I remember you."

"I suppose not," he answered. "Fifteen years of a vagabond life is sufficient to change one past all recognition. I am Bernard Dutton."

"Mercy upon us," ejaculated the old lady—"what a change there is in you! I should never have known you to be Bernard I knew twenty years ago. Ah, well—ah, well!"

And the old lady gazed pensively upon this worn-looking stranger, who brought to her mind no recollection of the gay-hearted youth of twenty whom she had known in the days long gone.

"Come in, Mr. Bernard, come in, and don't linger on the threshold of your own house," continued Mrs. Netherbury cheerfully. "You'll see the little door at the side there. Ah, you have not forgotten it!"—for he had stepped round and was standing in her room before she had finished the sentence. "And why did you not send me word of your coming, Bernard," she asked, as he took his seat at her side, "so that I could have had your rooms prepared, and sent a carriage over to meet you at Wallingham?"

"It was a sudden whim, my coming at all," he answered. "It was only yesterday I heard of my uncle's death and that I had come in for the property; and a sudden fancy seized me to run down and take a quiet look at the old place unseen and unknown. But I came across a long-legged fellow who looked like turning me out of the place as a possible intruder, and I was accordingly obliged to declare myself."

"Who was it, Bernard?"

"Miss Dutton's lover, I should imagine," he answered carelessly. "She was with him in the coppice."

"Captain Carver," explained Mrs. Netherbury—"Captain Felix Carver of the Hall, the son of old Jackson Carver, the banker. Yes, they are engaged to be married, Bernard."

"How long have they been engaged to be married?"

"They were engaged just before—a few days only before your uncle's death, with his sanction."

Bernard said nothing, but stared idly at the opposite wall.

"She is a dear girl, Bernard—an excellent girl!" continued Mrs. Netherbury; "and, although I don't strictly approve of children being taken out of their station in life and placed in another, I must certainly say she might be your own cousin so far as her mind and manners are concerned. And now, poor thing—well, the Carvers are enormously rich, and Felix will have a good fortune. And she has certainly behaved admirably about the property. You know, I suppose, that your uncle was always determined to leave her everything; and, when it was found that he had made no will, she was not in the least disappointed, but spoke of it as a great relief. And, indeed, Bernard, it would have been a dreadful thing for the property to have gone out of the family!"

"I don't know," he responded wearily. "I doubt if it will do me much service now; I have lived my life!"

They presently betook themselves to the dining-room, and Bernard ate a substantial meal undismayed by the critical eyes of Bruce the butler and his assistant James, both of whom Mrs. Netherbury dismissed at the earliest possible moment.

She talked to Bernard of old times, of the changes that had taken place in the neighborhood, of the tenants on the estate, of the family lawsuit concerning that right of way through Marshall's meadow which had been in progress for a generation or two, and was likely to continue for several more, seeing that the footway now terminated in a railway embankment, and was not therefore of the slightest practical use to anybody, and had in consequence become a dispute the like of which has from time immemorial furnished the world with the choicest arguments and the most heated legal wrangling.

Mr. Dutton had discarded the sherry in favor of a decanter of brandy; and Mrs. Netherbury, with an anxious inward feeling, observed that he drank deeply of the liquor.

His spirits rose, he talked faster, now and then a little wildly. Mrs. Netherbury began to fear the worst.

She had loved the bright, gay-hearted lad, who had made the house merry in the early days of her coming, when he happened to spend a vacation there, and, worldly-wise, she trembled at what seemed to her signs of the coming storm—of habits of debauch contracted during the wild, reckless, despairing interval at which he had hinted, the which, now that he had unlimited means at his command, would assuredly drag him to his grave in utter dishonor.

She rose and walked round to his side, and her hand trembled slightly as she laid it upon his shoulder.

"Bernard, you must try to give this up," she said, in a low tone.

His hand was on the decanter; he understood her meaning at once, for he withdrew his grasp.

"It is too late," he whispered, in a low strange tone, at variance with the light laugh on his lips which her action had arrested, "it is too late now! I cannot; I am doomed!"

"Oh, Bernard, Bernard," cried the old lady mournfully, the tears starting to her eyes, "it is not too late; shake it off and begin anew!"

He shook his head sadly.

"I have tried," he said, "once I nearly succeeded; but now how can I shake off the ways of fifteen long years? Oh, mine has been a sad school! Too late! There, my dear kind friend—my only friend—don't fret about it!" he added, in a lighter tone, for the poor lady was shedding tears over the fixed despair of the prodigal. "I will do my best. I am not worth fretting about—certainly not worth one tear of your good pure heart. Let me go my way—it is my doom. I have done not one atom of good to this world; it could well spare me."

Then he rose, pressed her hand gently between his, and went out to the dog-cart, which she had ordered to be in readiness, she having suggested that Bernard should pay a visit to a tailor at Wallingham.

He took the reins, the groom jumped up behind, and Bernard waved an adieu to Mrs. Netherbury, who stood at the window watching him down the long drive, with tear-stained face, until the mare cantered out of sight.

Then, with a long sigh—a sigh drawn from the inmost depths of her heart—she went back to her knitting.

* * * * * *

It was nearly midnight, and the dog-cart with the Squire had not returned from Wallingham.

Mary had pleaded a headache and had betaken herself to her room, while Mrs. Netherbury, after waiting long past the appointed hour for the absent Bernard, ate her dinner in solitude, and soon afterwards retired to rest.

The midnight hour was chiming when she heard the sound of the returning dog-cart coming up the drive.

Robert, the groom, was driving, his hand a trifle unsteady and his face hot and flushed, while the new Squire sat in stupid silence at his side.

When they drew up at the door the groom jumped down and assisted his master to alight.

It was plain that Bernard had been drinking to excess and that he had also been priming the groom, although the latter worthy was somewhat steadier than the Squire.

After effecting his purchases and strolling about the town, Bernard had betaken himself to the principal hotel; and here his proclivities were too strong for him, and, after a short weak struggle, he had succumbed to the fell power of the fiend.

"My man," he whispered hoarsely now, "I'll give you a sovereign if you can get me up to my room without anybody——"

But his laudable intention was frustrated by the opening of the hall door and the sudden appearance of Bruce, who had been waiting up for the new master.

Robert left the Squire standing by the venicle and stepped slowly up to the old butler.

"Squire's a bit fresh, Mr. Bruce," he whispered. "He said he'd give me a sov'. ring to get up to his room quiet. I s'pose he don't want the ladies to see 'im."

Mr. Bruce looked at the young groom inquisitively.

"He ain't the only fresh 'un, Master Robert, in this here company," observed the solemn butler. "I guess it's been a case of the blind leadin' the blind."

"Well, Squire told me to hev' what I wanted, Mr. Bruce," said Robert apologetically.

"And you had it of course," rejoined the butler. "You'll come to a bad end, young man—mark my word. You'd better take the dog-cart round to the coach-house, and mind what you're about. I'll see to this here gent."

And Mr. Bruce stepped down to Bernard, solemnly placed that helpless gentleman's arm within his own, and led him up the stone steps into the house, leaving Robert to attend to the mare.

"Where is Mrs. Netherbury, Bruce, and Miss Dutton?" asked the Squire, in a low indistinct tone.

"Oh, it's all right, sir—the ladies hev' gone to bed!" replied the butler. "You leave it to me, sir—I'll see you all right."

He led his unsteady master up the large staircase until they reached a long corridor with the sleeping apartments on left and right, and here Mr. Dutton contrived to stumble over a large mat and lurch against a small table with a flower-jar upon it, which fell down and broke with a noisy clatter.

Bernard muttered an imprecation on his clumsiness; but the butler hurried him on to the door of his room, fearful of the aroused sleepers.

There was a small flight of stairs, some three or four, at the end of the long corridor, and, as Bruce paused, with his hand on the door, he happened to glance in that direction.

To his profound mortification, he saw a white-robed figure standing silently at the head of the stairs.

It was Mary, who had come out of her room at the noise of the crashing earthenware, and who was looking down upon the hapless Bernard with horror-stricken face.

"It's all right, miss," began Bruce; and the man at his side looked up and caught sight of that pale face and the luminous eyes glancing down upon him with unutterable horror at his condition. It was but one swift glance which he saw, for Mary turned and fled into her room, but it shot through his fevered brain into the very depths of his being.

"Good gracious," he groaned, "what a vile wretch I am!"

Bruce was busy with the gas and did not heed his master's mutterings.

To his surprise, when he turned round, the whilom helpless Squire was pacing rapidly up and down the room with his hands clenched and his head bowed upon his breast.

"Bless me if it ain't sobered him!" murmured Mr. Bruce to his discreet self, in utter astonishment at the Squire's changed aspect.

He had asked aloud twice whether he could get the Squire anything before Bernard heard him.

"Nothing thank you, my man—nothing," he answered hastily. "You can leave me now; I am all right."

The butler went off, ruminating over this sudden transformation, leaving the hapless man pacing up and down the room, a prey to the most acute self-torture.

Presently Bernard flung open the window and gazed out upon the star-crowned night and the bright moon, upon the silver-tipped firs and the silent park, and thought of his boyhood of innocence and the glad young days that were his before his weakness led him to barter his manhood's heritage for a life of vile brutishness.

His head drooped slowly upon his clenched hands, and a low moan broke from him—a cry of fierce and hopeless despair.

CHAPTER VI.

THE dusky shadows of the twilight were stealing into the long drawing-room of the Manor House and falling around the girlish figure seated at the piano at the farther end of the old room—a room hung with heavy drapery and containing massive furniture.

Mary was dreaming idly of her girlish romance, as her fingers wandered over the keys, of her wasted love and its cruel ending, and the aching feeling of desolation which her lover's desertion had left in her breast rose in full force within her as she mused.

Suddenly she became aware of another presence in the room.

She looked round; it was Bernard, who had entered quietly and was leaning against a chair near the window.

He was considerably changed in appearance. The shiny habiliments of yesterday were replaced by a suit of tweed, his linen was faultless, and his general appearance that of an ordinary English gentleman.

Indeed Mary had some difficulty in recognising in this respectable presentment the shabby stranger who had burst upon them yesterday in the coppice and announced himself to be its owner.

This was the first time Mary had seen him since the painful rencontre of the previous night, for Bernard had not made his appearance either at breakfast or lunch.

He came forward and stood by the side of the piano.

"I wanted to tell you, Miss Mary," he said, a quick flush mounting to his tired face, "how grieved I am about last night. Will you try to forget it?"

"I shall hope to, Mr. Dutton," answered Mary quietly.

"And will you let me tell you now that nothing ever came so near saving a hopeless wretch from himself and raising him from the mire into which he had sunk as the gentle compassion shown him by one tender-hearted soul—that it was only the sheer unworthiness of the man on whom this gentle pity was showered that prevented its bearing its full fruit of salvation? But it may please you to know that the money was used to some good purpose."

He spoke in a low tone and his voice trembled with emotion.

Mary listened with downturned eyes, her mind filled with wonderment to hear this tender remembrance of her good deed from the lips of the man who, she had made up her mind since the previous night's scene, must be all that his soured uncle had painted him, and to know that her warm-hearted compassion had been treasured in his worn heart with such reverence.

She looked up, her large eyes filled with pity.

"I am glad I was able to do it," she said simply—"so glad that I did it. But, please, Mr. Dutton, do not speak of it again; it was nothing. But now—surely now there is a better life before you?"

"Does last night's work look like it?" he returned very bitterly. "A man who cannot even respect himself before his servants!"

She was silent, not knowing what to answer, and he turned moodily towards the window.

"How you must despise me for my weakness!" he said presently.

"No, Mr. Dutton; I pity you, and will pray that you may conquer it."

She had risen from the music-stool and walked towards him.

He turned and looked at her curiously as she uttered the words. His blue eyes glistened. He gently took her hand and pressed his lips to it with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Thank you," he said. "If prayers are permitted to find response, yours should surely be heard."

The loud clang of the first dinner-bell was now heard, and Mary departed to dress, leaving the Squire standing in the darkening room musing deeply.

* * * * * *

They met again in the dining-room, but the conversation, led by Mrs. Netherbury, meandered along through the safe paths of local topics.

There were two or three burning questions on the carpet, upon which the cheery old lady chatted volubly, and Bernard listened gravely, saying little, his mind still full of gloomy regret.

He drank nothing but a little claret with his dinner, and rose from the table with the ladies, when they betook themselves to the drawing-room.

Mary sat at the piano and played delicate morceaux of Mendelssohn and one or two of Chopin's dreamy abstractions, her beautiful face reflecting in its gentle melancholy the tender pensiveness of the music.

Bernard sat and listened, his was a nervous emotional nature, peculiarly susceptible to such a mighty influence as music, and a calmer sense of peace and content gradually stole upon him than had been known to him for long, long years; the old lady, with the privilege of age, slumbering peacefully in her easy-chair, undisturbed by the soft harmonies that floated around her; the rich coloring of the old-fashioned hangings, the mellow subdued light of the wax-candles, and the fair full figure of the young girl, all combining to form a picture which struck the weary wanderer with the first sense of home which had come to him for years.

Mary had paused in her playing, suddenly awakening to the silence of her companion and modestly conceiving her music to be a disturbing element, when Bernard rose from his seat and crossed over to the piano.

"Your playing is perfect, Miss Mary," he said, as he took a chair near her. "It has charmed me into a restful state of mind."

She looked up at him with a pleased look, gratified at this fresh evidence of feeling in the wayward man.

"You like music like this, Mr. Dutton?" she questioned.

"I am no musician," he answered with a smile, "and am consequently unable to appreciate the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.' But all beautiful music has a mysterious influence upon me—I

think that even my regeneration might be effected if I could be transported to some land of sweet sounds, where day and night invisible songsters made sweet harmony and lulled all sentient things to rest."

He spoke half jestingly, with a sad smile playing about his mouth.

"Don't you think 'rest' would be rather a difficult matter in such circumstances?" Mary asked, with an answering smile.

"I suppose it would," he replied. "It would have drawbacks; but nothing is perfect—even peace—here below."

"The world is a very hard, cruel place; but there must be perfection somewhere!"

"I have never found it," he said briefly. "Such an Elysium of belief is possible only to those in love, either with themselves or with somebody else."

Mary did not answer; she thought of her brief dream of perfection and its awakening.

"You are right when you say that the world is a very hard, cruel place," pursued Bernard—"how hard, none but those who have suffered in it can know."

"I hope I shall not find it so very hard when I set out on my travels," observed Mary in a lighter tone.

Her companion looked at her in some doubt.

"When I am out in it earning my living," she added quietly, seeing his questioning glance.

"I don't understand you," he said. "I thought Mrs. Netherbury told me that you were engaged to be married to that hot-tempered young gentleman who was so anxious concerning my identity."

"I was engaged to Captain Carver," she responded; "but we have parted for ever."

Her eyes involuntarily filled with tears; and, seeing this, he delicately changed ground.

"But what do you mean by earning your living?" he asked.

"I shall take a situation as a governess or a companion," explained Mary, with a brave little smile. "I know lots of things—all that the advertisements require—French and German, music, the rudiments of Latin, drawing—I can paint pictures—you know, and a host of other things."

"And when did you conceive this great idea?" he questioned, smiling.

"This morning," answered Mary promptly. "I looked in the *Times* and saw a number of advertisements of this description. Indeed it seemed as if there were a sudden dearth of governesses—as if they had all emigrated in a body, for everybody seemed to be in want of one."

"And why are you anxious to leave your home?" he next asked.

"I have no home, Mr. Dutton," replied Mary decisively. "I am only Mary Mardle, a parish clerk's daughter, for whom the position of governess will be a rise in life."

"Is not this house your home?" he asked quietly.

"It has been a beautiful home, and I shall always love it," said Mary sorrowfully. "I have been so happy that I had forgotten I was only a recipient of my dear father's generosity, and it must be so no longer."

He looked at her with a shadow of pain on his countenance.

"You wish to leave your home—for it has always been your home—because there has come into it a miserable-minded wretch, who——"

"No, no, Mr. Dutton—indeed, no!" interposed Mary—and she timidly touched his hand and looked into his sad eyes. "Do not think that! I have no such thought of you."

He gave her a grateful look.

"I shall not trouble you much," he said humbly. "I shall go abroad and you will not be bothered with me here. I would not like you to leave here on any account. You do not know what you are saying when you talk so lightly of becoming a governess. It is worse than slavery. There is Mrs. Netherbury too—what on earth would she do without you, Miss Mary?"

"It would be very hard to leave everything," sighed Mary; "but I have no right to be a burden to any one."

"Nonsense!" said Bernard decisively. "Will you promise me to put this foolish governess idea out of your mind?"

"I don't think it at all foolish!" answered Mary.

"I am nearly old enough to be your own father," he said, with a smile. "You will permit me to know best. At any rate you will undertake not to put it into execution without my consent 'first had and obtained,' as the lawyers say.

"You are very good and generous," responded Mary softly. "If I thought——"

"You must think no more about the matter," he interposed. "Promise."

"I promise."

Then there was silence between them until a tremulous voice issuing from the depths of a cosy chair murmured:

"Bless me, I have been asleep! What a dreadfully rude old woman I am getting!"

"Well, I should never have thought it, Mageon!" said Mr. Flynt, looking out across the square at the retreating figure of Bernard, who had just left the lawyer's office.

"Thought what?" inquired his partner.

"Why, that fellow could ever develop into a respectable member of society. When I saw him here two months ago and told him of his uncle's death, I would have made an affidavit that in six months he would have squandered his fortune and died in a madhouse; and now he doesn't look like doing either," added Flynt senior, in a slightly aggrieved tone, as if he felt that Mr. Dutton's failure to fulfil his prognosis was a direct slight upon his professional perspicacity.

"Perhaps that old lady is reforming him," suggested Mr. Magson.

"Or the young one," answered Flynt senior drily.

As it happened, they were both near the mark, for the gentle influence of the two women had surely though unconsciously worked wonders upon the desponding mind of the man who had thought himself sunk too low to be reclaimed.

The quiet still life at High Dutton, undisturbed by those jarring influences which in the bygone days of his wretchedness had driven this man headlong down the road of ruin in all the fierceness of reckless despair, had raised him slowly but surely to a finer sense of the beauty of life.

But it was not without struggling and much misgiving that this man crushed down the craving which now and again possessed him, and which sought, like an evil spirit balked of its prey, again to seize him and hold his being in subjection.

Once only had he succumbed, and the occasion had marked the turning-point in his life.

He was sitting alone in the study, a room adjoining the library, poring over some lengthy accounts which Messrs. Flynt, Magson, & Flynt had forwarded for his inspection until he felt jaded and dizzy. He rang the bell and ordered some brandy. The accounts were thrown aside and he lapsed into gloomy despondency, while the demon at his elbow besought him to shake the mood off by the treacherous aid of the golden liquid before him.

He was forgetting all in the fantasy of false Elysium which the fleeting wine-god conjured up when Mary entered the room, on her way to the library.

"I did not know you were here," she said; and then she stopped.

The flushed face, the brightened eye, and the spirit-case told its own tale, and she stood looking at him with reproachful eyes.

"Don't look at me like that, for gracious sake, Miss Mary!" he said abruptly. "I am past all hope, as you see."

"Oh, Mr. Dutton, let me take it away," she pleaded sorrowfully—"for your own sake—for your manhood's sake!"

He laughed bitterly.

"My manhood!" he echoed. "It died, Miss Mary, long years ago."

The girl burst into tears. Her grief was more powerful in its effect than a hundred arguments.

"Are you really sorry? Do you care so much about it?" he said in an altered tone.

"Assuredly!" she answered; and she pursued her advantage. "Let me send it away. Do, for my sake!"

The words came idly enough in the absence of argument, but they exercised a magical effect upon her hearer.

"I did not think it mattered to you," he said almost under his breath. "Miss Mary, for your sake I will never touch this poison again as long as I live. So help me, Heaven!"

Then he rose from his chair and rushed out of the room, leaving her in amazement at his vehemence.

And steadfastly he kept his word to her; and she rewarded him by planning excursions and every little amusement she could devise to afford him distraction.

They rode together on the fine clear mornings, or went for long rambles on foot across the hills and dales of their undulating country-side; they became familiar figures in the sight of the old gossips down at the village, who wagged their heads and opined that the new Squire would not remain a bachelor forever; but no such thoughts appeared to be lurking in the Squire's mind, for he treated Mary with the consideration of a father or an elder brother rather than with the devotion of a possible lover.

There had been silence between them regarding Captain Felix and the cause of the abrupt termination of Mary's engagement, and Bernard, although he entertained a shrewd suspicion, was still in ignorance as to its cause; but he noticed that Mary was very quiet and preoccupied at times, that she was lost in fits of abstraction, and would awake when addressed with a startled look and blush violently.

And Bernard shrewdly surmised that poor Mary was fretting for her absent lover, and was too proud to make the first advance, and a slight spasm of pain shot through him at the thought.

It was not jealousy, for he himself had declared to Mary that he should never marry—"he dared not," he said, with the melancholy candor with which he spoke of himself and his weakness.

But he had grown used to her as a companion in his daily life, had felt a keen pleasure in her converse, in her openness of thought, and her innocent mind—things which came to him with the freshness of the morning dew, after the jaded artificiality, the horrible worldliness of his past years.

His old free and airy manner, the artificial lightness of a reckless mind, had left him now, and a grave settled melancholy seemed to have seized upon him.

He talked of serious topics with a sober earnestness and profound discrimination which excited his companions' admiration and astonishment.

Amidst the scenes which had been familiar to his youth and with the stimulus of the girl's bright perception, Bernard seemed to wake again to the thoughts and feelings that had stirred his being in the old days.

It was remarkable too that the poverty and privations of his manhood had not soured him in his views of his fellow-creatures.

"There is nothing so heart-breaking as poverty," he said to Mary one day, after an hour spent amongst the sick poor in the village below; "it will cramp and crush the sweetest disposition, the bravest heart that the earth holds."

She was delighted with his generous kindliness to their poor people. He would give her his purse to act as almoner when they set out on their round, and was discontented if she had not emptied it.

"You will spoil them, Mr. Dutton, with so much," she remonstrated.

"My dear child, why should they not have it?" he answered. "We can afford it, and their delight and heart-ease are worth a hundred times one solitary piece of gold. Ah, you have not known 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!'"

Once he had preceded her into a cottage, and she came upon him making gruel with an experienced hand for a bedridden dame, with the utmost gravity and preoccupation.

With no possible connection in the thought the image of Captain Felix, tall, elegant, and languid, flashed across her vision, and her mind involuntarily drew a sudden comparison between that hero whom her ignorance had endowed with all knightly excellences of manhood and the quiet unconscious man before her. A quick flush rose to her cheek and a solitary tear stood in her dark eye.

Snow-clad December had made its appearance and had wrapped the chilled earth in its shimmering white mantle, and these pleasant country-side rambles had to be of less frequent occurrence.

And the watchful Bernard observed that Mary's cheek grew paler, her step less buoyant, and her voice subdued, and that she would absent herself for long hours, which she spent alone in a large room, dignified with the name of her "studio," but which was more or less a boudoir.

The room contained an easel, a few pictures, some unfinished daubs and sketches, the pastime of her idle hours, but no more serious indications of work.

And Mary would lock herself in and emerge an hour or two later with ill-disguised red eyes and vain attempts at cheerfulness.

Bernard rallied her one evening in the drawing-room after dinner.

"What is the matter, Mary?" he asked very kindly. "You are not looking so well."

She started and blushed violently.

"Indeed I am very well."

"Then you are unhappy," he declared; "or why this pensiveness?"

"Believe me, I am not unhappy," she said—"I am very happy."

He did not pursue the subject, but later on he spoke to Mrs. Netherbury.

"Yes, she was very fond of him, I think," said the old lady in reply to his inquiry. "I fancy she must be fretting about him. Dear me, dear me! Girls had more spirit when I was young; but there it is, and what can you do?"

With which pertinent inquiry Mrs. Netherbury went back to her needles, and the Squire strode down to the stables and ordered the gig to be got ready for him. He had made up his mind what to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CARE OF THE EARS.—Never drop anything into the ear unless it has been previously warmed. Never use anything but a syringe and warm water for cleaning the ears. Never strike or box a child's ears; this has been known to rupture the drum and cause incurable deafness. Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oiled-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving. Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch: do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil-tips, or anything of that nature. Never let the feet become damp, or sit with the back towards a window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.

Never put milk, fat, or any oily substance into the ear for the relief of pain, for they soon become rancid and tend to incite inflammation. Simple warm water will answer the purpose best. Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear; the bitter wax will soon cause it to come out, or pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can easily be removed by the fingers. A few puffs of smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

ODD PURCHASES.—A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of $3,650. It was purchased by a nobleman, who had it set in a ring which he wore constantly on his finger. The hat worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for $400. It was put up for sale at $100, and there were thirty-two bidders. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa, and preserved by one of his officers and attendants, was sold in 1825 for $116,875. The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens were sold in 1825 for $2,500. A wig that had belonged to Sterne was sold at public auction in London for $1,050. The prayer-book used by Charles I., when on the scaffold, was sold in London in 1825 for $525. A waistcoat belonging to J. J. Rousseau was sold for $190, and his metal watch for $100.

Scientific and Useful.

SOOT IN CHIMNEYS.—A chimney that will not fill up with soot may be made by plastering it inside with clay mixed with salt. Chimneys should be built from the cellar up instead of hung to the wall. The stovepipe hole should be at least eighteen inches from the ceiling.

WOODEN POSTS.—A man who has tried it says that wooden posts treated as follows, at a cost of two cents each, will last so long that the person adopting it will not live to see his posts decay: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint, and put a coat over the timber.

A TERRIBLE FLUID.—An Austrian chemist claims to have invented a fluid of the most destructive properties. This fluid, when brought into contact with the air, after the explosion of a shell in which it has been contained, is transformed into a gas, which, being heavier than the air, descends to the ground, killing all men and animals within its reach, and, moreover, destroying iron, bronze and other metals, as well as setting all inflammable things on fire. So at least the inventor declares.

CANAL LOCOMOTIVES.—Some experiments are being made abroad with a view to test the practicability of substituting locomotives for horses in canal traffic. A set of rails about a mile in length was laid on the canal bank, and on this was placed a small locomotive. When steam was up, two boats were attached by ropes to the locomotive, which drew them along easily at about five miles an hour. Four boats were then attached, and the same speed was attained, the engine working quite smoothly.

FASTENING RAILS.—An improvement suggested here is the adoption of the English plan of fastening rails to the cross-ties by bolts that pass through the ties. The hook-headed spike in use in this country often becomes loosened by the rotting of the wood around it, and rises from one-sixteenth to three-eighths of an inch above the base of the rail. This rising is the cause of much of that annoying rattle which it is said foreigners invariably notice on American roads.

THE MICROPHONE.—The military microphone is now being tried in France, not only to give warning of the passage of troops from afar, but to indicate the different branches of the army in movement and to furnish an approximate idea of the numbers of men and horses on the advance. It consists of a sounding plate buried in the soil across and along any route and connected by a long wire conductor to the receiving disk of the apparatus in position, which has the necessary arrangement for making the sounds louder and readily distinguishable.

Farm and Garden.

SCRAPS, ETC.—Coarse bones that cannot be broken, leather scraps, old rags, and other such materials, should be buried at the roots of grapevines, where they will prove beneficial.

PLANTS.—Ornamental plants may be so arranged as to spell words or represent forms, such as stars, crosses, hearts, etc., and the colors may be arranged to correspond. In this manner a very pretty effect may be given a flower garden.

POULTRY.—Hens like to roost high. The roosts should, therefore, be all on the same level to prevent crowding. At least one foot of space on the roost should be allowed for each full-grown fowl, and the roosts should be eighteen inches apart.

SWEET POTATOES.—The proper temperature for sweet potatoes in winter is about 60 degrees. If they are not exposed to a temperature lower than 56 degrees they will keep easily. When first stored in the cellar they should be kept at 70 degrees until well dried, gradually lowering the temperature to 60 degrees.

OIL AND MACHINERY.—Oil is cheaper than machinery, so use it freely on all the working parts of the mowers and reapers. Lumber is also cheaper, and when not in use every piece should be carefully housed as well as all the tools used about the farm. Tools, carts and machines rust out much faster than they will wear out.

SURPLUS FRUIT.—All surplus fruit should be dried or evaporated. It is a waste of fruit and fertility to allow fruit to fall and rot. It is expensive feeding for hogs considering the value of the land occupied by trees, and, unless all fruit grown can be sold or applied to family use, it will pay to cut down the trees and devote the land to some other crop.

COW-POWER.—It is a dreadful waste of cow force, to turn her out where she roams over several hundred acres of land. She will be doing it most all day if there is no fence to stop her, and will be sure to do it if the pasture is thin and scarce. She had better be fed what she needs on a small space, and then lie down and attend to her legitimate mission on earth—making milk.

HORSES.—Farm horses should be worked steadily. A horse that is kept at regular service, and not overworked, will last much longer than one that is given periods of rest. A good horse should not be fat, but should be in good condition. If fed on nutritious food there need be no fear of the horse losing flesh if kept at work. The muscles will become hard and the animal better enabled to stand service. Old horses should be given grain in preference to that which is whole.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6 00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 15 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 720 Sansom St.

"Of Your Charity."

Undoubtedly the cry is pitiful, and appeals not only to the best feelings of the man, but to the soundest views of the citizen.

Morally, it is good for one's own soul to help others, at cost to ourselves if need be; politically, it is wise to relieve the burden of distress, that so may be lightened the pressure of discontent. No one can have two opinions about the thing; whereon we differ is as to the method.

Philanthropists, who feel only for the sufferings of their fellow-men; Christians, who remember only the words and example of the Master and the Apostles—to both of these "of your charity" is a sacred appeal, which, if they can answer with substantial aid, they ask no more—neither the causes that have led to this grievous condition of things, nor the probable use their bounty will be put to.

Open-handed, credulous and impressionable, these charitable people are the happy hunting-grounds of the impecunious, and the despair of the more cautious members of inquiry offices and restraining organisations.

But putting aside the simpler form of charity, that of mere almsgiving, and coming to the more complex and mental—that what is called charitable judgment, and not being too hard on a person—where do we stand? and what is our best duty? Between holding the standard of morality high and screening the individual—lowering the public sentiment and saving the family from eternal disgrace—the choice is a delicate and difficult one to make.

To spare private feelings counts as a nobler work than to avenge outraged morality; and if the bread of a man's own baking is bitter, there are plenty of good souls who do their best to spread it thick with butter and sugar, so that he shall not taste its full sourness.

On the other hand, there are plenty of the kind which strikes those who are down—wild asses who kick when they have the chance, be it a disabled comrade, a dismounted horseman, or a dying lion. Charity in silence is non-existent with them.

What they know they must tell, and what they tell they for ever repeat. If they have established a raw, they keep the whip well over the bleeding flesh, and never let the sufferer forget that it is there.

Surely has it been said, and perhaps with perfect truth, that woman in this matter is harder than man, and specially hard to her own sex. Let one of her own fall over the boundaries and into the morass beyond, and the dogs of war are let loose like so many bloodhounds, and the Furies pursue with fleet feet the criminal who has exceeded prudence.

Mothers, who will not forgive their daughters the shame brought on their honorable house. Sisters, who will let the playmate of their childhood and the companion of their youth starve in the streets rather than consort with the fallen girl who bears the same name as themselves. Friends, who become the bitterest foes when friendship is no longer equality, but protection on the one side and smirch on the other:—these instances are common; not to speak of the flock of chattering and restless little starlings that carry the news to the four corners of heaven, and call on assembled men and gods to witness the iniquity they detail.

"Of your charity." On the right hand stands Appearance, on the left Interpretation, Janus-faced, with a scowl on the brow and a sneer on the lip of the one mask, with a smile full of tenderness and eyes full of candid confidence on the other. The possibilities of interpretation are twofold. If you will you can read out of a golden book, where the letters are all of white and azure—and if you will you can read off pages black as night, printed in letters of infernal red.

If you are charitable in your own nature you will prefer the finer gloss and clearer tints; if uncharitable, your cruel pleasure will be found in the sable tome of condemnation with its legend of fiery infamy.

Now, nothing in the whole world of man is more deceptive than appearance. How many dramas and novels are founded on the look which was not the reality—the interpretation created by possibility and the intellect, and not by the truth of things as they were.

The wife who receives her outlawed brother in secret, telling nothing to her husband, and, of course, betrayed by her confidante, or by the ill luck of chance; the man who might have committed the murder, the burglary, and who did not, for all that circumstantial evidence and appearance were so dead against him.

We ought never to forget this double power in dealing with an unconvicted offense, or rather with an action which may be an offense, but may also be perfectly harmless, and even scarcely dramatic.

Against this, however, we must put the simulation of innocence where the charge is true, and the only hope of escape is by what people call "brazening it out," and trusting to that plea, "of your charity."

So, turned all round and looked at in every light, charity is one of the most difficult things to rightly handle; and how to reconcile this with justice is a problem for the solving of which we want more than personal inclination.

When the Gauls laid waste Rome, they found the senators clothed in their robes and seated in stern tranquility in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death without resistance or supplication. Such conduct in them was applauded as noble and magnanimous; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as both obstinate and sullen. How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstance! How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness.

It is the property of the religious spirit to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no culture of the tastes, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, or even depth of affection, can bestow that delicacy and that grandeur of bearing which belong only to the mind accustomed to celestial conversation; all else is but gilt and cosmetics, beside this, as expressed in every look and gesture.

Everyone, however humble, has a mission to do, or say, or think—something which has never been done, or said, or thought; therefore let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his independent life, and fulfil his own possibilities.

The highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth; all the rest is pretension, not performance, mere verbiage and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but that it is the external sign of an internal deficiency.

Under the influence of music we are all deluded in some way. We imagine that the performers must dwell in the regions to which they lift their hearers. We are reluctant to admit that a man may blow the most soul-animating strains from his trumpet and yet be a coward; or melt an audience to tears with his violin, and yet be a heartless profligate.

What is the Bible in your house? It is not the Old Testament, it is not the New Testament, it is not the Gospel according to Matthew or Mark or Luke or John; it is the Gospel according to William, it is the Gospel according to Mary, it is the Gospel according to Henry and James it is the Gospel according to your name. You write your own Bible.

A wise man doubteth; a fool rageth and is confident; the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better learned answers, peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

The relations of Christians to each other are like the several flowers in a garden that have upon each other the dew of heaven, which, being shaken by the wind, they let fall the dew at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of one another.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

A man may read the figures on the dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines on the dial; we may read the Bible over, but we cannot learn to purpose till the spirit of God shine into our hearts.

Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through moralities, are like sailors at sea in storm, who pull, some at the bowsprit and some at the mainmast, but never touch the helm.

It is the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make anybody happy or miserable.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities!

Much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and everyone is his own best friend or worst enemy.

It is our relation to circumstances that determines their influence upon us. The same wind that carries one vessel into port may blow another off shore.

It may serve as a comfort to us, in all our calamities and afflictions, that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our being so.

The World's Happenings.

Ex-President Hayes is in his sixty-sixth year.

A small town in Michigan has seven brass bands.

Balloon ascensions are made by moonlight in Cincinnati.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fireplace.

Hay and straw were used for the first time to make paper in 1823.

The Russian troupe which plays on 24 pianos at once is in London.

Russet leather shoes are all the go now among the bloods of New York.

A lad, aged 10, is in a Kansas jail for stealing some fifty horses during the past year.

A $40,000,000 tunnel from Scotland to Ireland is among the engineering "possibilities."

Bald headed Indians are becoming numerous since the adoption of hats and caps by the race.

A Pasadena, Cal., milkman served one of his customers with a fine two-inch trout the other morning.

One watermelon doctored with half an ounce of strychnine killed 2000 rabbits on a ranch at Traver, Cal.

The railroad bridges of this country, if placed continuously, would reach from New York to Liverpool.

The latest English word in Paris is "strugglefortlife," meaning one who has to struggle to get a living.

A boy who was playing on the beach near Liverpool was engulfed and smothered in a hole of his own digging.

The daily consumption of needles in this country is said to be 4,200,000, most of which come from Redditch, England.

A French electrician claims that he will soon be able to produce a thunder-storm wherever and whenever it is desired.

In Northern Wisconsin Indians use birch bark to make canoes, chairs, tables, umbrellas, torches, bonfires and letter-paper.

A Bristol rat, fighting with a cat, jumped into the latter's mouth, and almost strangled it to death before it could cough the rat up.

A Kansas saltmaker has constructed a "Lot's Wife" of his commodity and sent it as an advertisement to the Cincinnati Exposition.

In the "youngest grandparent" contest Chapel Hill, North Carolina, brings out a negro woman who had a granddaughter, it is asserted, at the age of 23.

A Nevada man who had seven homely daughters got a newspaper to insert that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married in five months.

At St. Croix, Ind., a puppy, with a chain attached to his neck, played with a 17-months'-old baby, got the chain wound around the child's neck, and nearly strangled it to death.

It is a mistake to suppose that the turkey is a native of the country so called. It is a native of North America, and was named turkey from the turkey-red wattles of the male bird.

Two men in Harris county, Ga., lost their wives by sickness. Each had a marriageable daughter, and each married the other's daughter. They are, of course, each other's father-in-law.

The paper money in Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays $60 a day for his accommodations. At one time only a few years ago calico sold at $200 a yard in these depreciated bills.

There is a man in Atchison, Kan., who builds an addition to his house every time a daughter gets married, in anticipation, he says, of the time when she will bring her husband and children home to live with him.

A German musical instrument dealer of St. Louis tuned a piano one day recently, then played the Dead March, and at the conclusion of the tune drew a revolver and shot himself through the head, dying in a few minutes.

A large factory has been established near Chicago in which waste animal blood is converted into buttons. Not only buttons, but tons of earrings, breast pins, belt clasps, combs and trinkets are made annually there from blood.

A chemist, of Brest, electrotypes bodies after death. By his process the body is incased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may again be plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the deceased person.

Gardening, as well as the art of making bouquets, is taught in the schools of Japan, and nowhere in Europe are there so many flower-gardens as in that country. All new species and varieties of garden flowers and trees are sold at high prices, and become known throughout the country with great rapidity.

A Muscatine, Iowa, woman went to sleep with a watermelon rind tied on her face to improve her complexion. A burglar entered the room that night, saw the apparition in bed, and was so frightened that he was paralyzed, and was found in that condition in the morning. He has since become a raving maniac.

Again the fellow mean enough to steal money from a dead man's eyes has appeared, this time in Macon, Ga. In this instance coppers were not used, but instead two silver dollars, which were all the funds the deceased's family possessed. The conscienceless wretch, who turned out to be a negro, was captured and sent to jail.

A curious custom that attracts the attention of strangers in Panama is the spectacle of native women walking along the street smoking long, slender cigars. It is the custom of the women there to gather in the public markets as early as sunrise to gossip and talk over affairs while enjoying their morning smoke. Their confabs take the place of a morning paper.

TEARS.

BY GEORGE COTTERELL.

That sorrow like a frost chilled all my blood,
Dried up the sources of my tears, and made
My very heart seem hard; in vain I prayed;
I could not move my spirit though I would,
And sick of one familiar neighborhood
I hid myself, sought out some quiet shade
Wherein to bury youth and hope decayed:
For all my heart despaired of any good,
I know not if the world had hardened me,
Or sorrow made me prematurely old,
Stricken with helplessness, if not with years:
But suddenly some flash of memory
Brought back old days, old dreams, old loves untold—
And then, oh then, the blessedness of tears!

Forgiven.

BY V. SANDARS.

IT was a dreary December evening, dreary everywhere, but especially so in a narrow little street, of two-storied houses, lying at the back of Westminster Abbey, and in close proximity to the river, from whence the stealthily creeping fog was sullenly mingling with the blacker fumes emanating from the city; the embrace of these two unlovely atmospheres combining to envelope both the street and its inhabitants in darkest obscurity.

Sleet, rapidly developing into snow, was beginning to fall, adding to the prevailing gloom, while the lamps, looming through the fog, failed in their friendly purpose of guiding the steps of those unfortunates whom necessity or misery kept abroad on this wretched evening.

In one of the houses of the street described above, in a room at the back of his little shop, the shutters of which he had put up, hopeless of further customers in such weather, sat a man in the prime of life fashioning a wedding-ring, and surrounded by sundry articles of humble jewelry, mostly in a broken condition.

Once the foreman to an eminent firm of jewelers, Owen Chester now worked at his trade on his own account. In his way he was a remarkable-looking man, for the shadow of a great sorrow lay on his face, giving nobility to the otherwise rather rough-hewn features.

He was tall and strongly built, and to all appearance possessed the athletic strength of one in the full vigor of manhood.

Yet, notwithstanding his eyebrows and eyelashes were jet-black, his hair was nearly white, while a pronounced furrow between his deepset eyes gave to this sad and solitary worker a stern, almost forbidding appearance, which changed to scornful fierceness as, having completed the ring, he held it on his forefinger at arm's-length, murmuring in bitter irony—

"To be called for to-morrow, when he trusts to place it on his sweetheart's hand. Ah! little he wots there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. Sweethearts! black and false hearts they had best be termed."

As he spoke these words in passionate scorn, he cast the ring down, exclaiming despairingly, "Seven long years to-day, seven long weary years, and yet I can't forget. Oh, God! grant me forgetfulness or death."

Flinging himself forwards on the table as he spoke, he buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to sorrowful and despairing retrospection, as was ever the case on each recurring anniversary of this, the saddest day in Owen Chester's sad life.

It was the anniversary of what should have been his wedding day. Seven years back, he had loved, as a man of his strong nature alone can love—devotedly, passionately—a beautiful girl, a milliner in a fashionable house of business.

She had coquetted with him long, angered him often, by her flirtations with others, especially with one whose character was well known to Owen, and whose attentions to Flora—he being a gentleman by birth—could mean the girl nothing but shame and evil.

But all this was forgotten and forgiven; friendly warnings were disregarded, when, one day, placing her hand in his, she promised to be Owen's wife, vowing that she had equally discarded from her thoughts and heart that high-born rival who had roused his fiercest jealousy and indignation, and Owen believed her.

For three Sundays they sat side by side, he glancing proudly down at her downcast eyes and trembling figure, as he listened in happy triumph while their names were called in church.

How modest and pretty she looked! Little did he dream that the heart that he fondly trusted beat in loving unison with his own, was filled with another's image—was breaking for the sake of one who, though professing to adore her, had laughed, almost contemptuously, at Flora's imagining he could make her his wife. This rude shattering of her airy dreams of passion and ambition was the only reason which had impelled Flora at last to accept Owen.

For in the thought that he was about to lose her for ever might she not sting that other proud lover, who held her unworthy to bear his name, into such regret as might still inspire him with a desire to offer her marriage?

Poor, foolish girl! Love combined with ambition, had rendered a naturally amiable character both cruel and selfish.

As the day approached for her union with Owen, she grew paler and thinner. The last straw to which she had clung failed her.

The unworthy stratagem by which she had trusted to rouse nobler sentiments in her former admirer's breast had proved fruitless.

Friends gossiped, maintaining she still held meetings with him; Owen indignantly turned a deaf ear to every report, for where he loved he trusted, and had not his loved one sworn all was over between her and the man he despised and hated above all others?

The wedding morning, so anxiously looked forward to by Owen, finally arrived. According to Flora's decision they were first to meet on this day in church. Counting time by the impatient beats of his honest heart, Owen stood at the altar-rails awaiting his bride.

Was she ill that she thus tarried? The recognized hour of marriage had nearly elapsed, and still the bridegroom, with white face and eyes of wild anxiety, did not move from his post, for the only friend who had accompanied him volunteered to go in search of the tardy bride.

Some little time had passed since his departure, and the clergyman "was preparing to leave the church, "No marriage could now take place this day," when with hurried footsteps and scared countenance Owen's friend returned, and approaching the bridegroom, laid a compassionating hand on his shoulder, saying, "Come home, Owen. Something terrible has happened. Something terrible has happened. You must bear this blow as a man should."

Fiercely Owen thrust him back, exclaiming wildly—

"The truth! nothing but the truth! If she is dead, say so."

"Worse, Owen, far worse."

"Worse? What can be worse?" shrieked Owen.

"Shame and disgrace are worse!" Though living, she is dead to you for ever. She has fled with another, and not to be his wife."

As though a bullet had struck him to the heart, Owen staggered, then fell heavily forward to the ground.

They thought the blow had killed him, but it had not dealt so mercifully with the unfortunate man.

He awoke to life, though not to reason and so violent was his mania that, being without near relatives, it was found imperative to place him in an asylum, where he remained for many months, unvisited, forgotten; for Owen had no great friends, his quiet reserved character having tended to render him unpopular. The whole wealth of love and kindliness lying dormant within him had never been called into existence until he met Flora. Then, like a torrent long pent up, it had flowed out towards her in one mighty rush.

That strong love she had despised and trampled upon, but he could not recall it. It had gone from him, leaving his heart empty, desolate of all but sorrow, and horror of the fate this poor, frail woman had prepared for herself.

For some time after his reason was restored, feeling disinclined at first to mingle with old associates, to face a world become so barren to him of all happiness, Owen remained on at the asylum, tending at his own desire the other patients.

But he was endowed with a brave spirit, and his bodily health returned, he determined to live down his aggravated sorrows and begin life afresh.

Then only he realized the ruggedness of the path lying before him. His story was too well known. The fatal stigma of the asylum clung to him like the brand of Cain. His old employer had supplied his place. Others turned coldly or evasively from his proffered services.

And after several unsuccessful efforts to obtain employment, mortified and disappointed, he took the humble abode where he still dwelt, making in the course of time by his patience and industry, a living sufficient for his wants.

But he had become a stern gloomy man, shunning his fellows, seeking no sympathy, and brooding over his wrongs and griefs in a loneliness none ever dared to intrude upon.

The name of her who had worked him such appalling evil had never passed his lips from the day she had betrayed him; but upon every recurring anniversary of that unforgotten day, a gloom, blacker than the darkest night enveloped the unhappy man, and he would remain for hours plunged in dreary retrospection of his bitter past.

No angry or revengeful feelings mingled with his sad reminiscences. Compassion deep and true for his erring love filled his whole soul with boundless pity. Dread of the depths of sin into which she might have sunk, at the thought of what eternal future held in store for her drove all harder thoughts from his mind.

He had always been a deeply religious man, and his religion, since his misfortunes, had become very stern and desponding in its nature. He dwelt much on the punishment of sin, little on the mercy of God.

It was known that he often passed whole nights in the streets, coming home in the early hours of morning pale and weary. He was searching for Flora, for he knew she had long been discarded by the man for whose sake she had betrayed a truer lover.

And never did he pass some poor outcast, without a shuddering fear yet some latent hope, that in her he might recognize one whom he considered as a lost soul, unless the road of repentance was opened to her. For he allowed there was forgiveness for the repentant sinner, and perhaps her chance of salvation might even be greater were she cast down from the high places of iniquity, where pleasure and guilty success left no room for remorseful thought, into those blacker depths where so many of the vain and weak of her sex were finally stranded.

"Oh, just and merciful Judge of all sinners, grant her time for repentance. If I have lost her in this world let me find her in the next. Forgive her, as I have long since forgiven."

Such was the cry of this faithful heart, as he kept his solitary vigil on this the seventh anniversary of his sorrow.

As Owen gave utterance to this passionate appeal, he raised his head, extending his arms upwards.

Suddenly they dropped, and he started up quickly—nervously, at the unusual sound of a cab rattling up the quiet street. In another moment it had stopped at his own door, the bell of which was furiously rung.

Like all people leading a lonely life, Owen was slow and cautious in his movements, and now gave himself time to wonder who this intruder of his peace might be.

In the meanwhile he heard the cab-door bang-to violently, after which the vehicle was driven swiftly away.

"A mistake, evidently," thought Owen, as he began wearily to prepare his frugal supper. But he had hardly sat down to it, when another ring at the bell—a feeble echo of the former peal—again startled him, and getting up he approached the shop-door, only half opening it, for the cold was intense, and the snow, now falling fast, drove in his face in large flakes as he peered out in the darkness.

Though the fog had cleared he could perceive no one, and was about to re-close the door, believing himself the victim of some street Arab, when to his astonishment he heard a child's sweet voice cry plaintively—

"Oh, please don't shut Tiny out. She is so cold and tired."

Stooping quickly in the direction of the voice, Owen discovered a diminutive figure crouched down in a corner of the doorway, but so covered with snow that it was not surprising he had at first failed to see it. In her hand, for it was a girl, she held a diminutive bundle.

Obeying the impulse of the moment, and kind to children, Owen took hold of the child's hand, and closing the door quickly, drew her into the shop.

The poor little creature, who was about five or six years of age, had a painfully sad, wistful face, and was meanly clad in a tattered black frock, and a shapeless bonnet.

She was pale and trembling, and the tears streamed down her thin cheeks as Owen said softly—

"Who has been cruel enough to send you out this bitter night, my poor child? What do you want, little one?"

"Please, sir, I am come to stay." Owen started. "He wanted to send me to the Union, but mother, she said Tiny was to come here."

"Mother?" repeated Owen, "who is your mother? And who is he who wants to send you to the Union?"

"Step-father. He's wicked, and beats poor Tiny. And oh, please, sir, I have a letter from mother. They say she's dead, but I know better, for she told me she was going to heaven, and I want to go there too if—if I could find the way. And she said you were good and kind, and you would show me the right road."

Here the child began to wring her little hands and to sob bitterly.

More mystified than ever, Owen led her to the fire, and patting her encouragingly on the head, asked for the letter.

It was carefully concealed inside her ragged frock. With deepening curiosity he took it from her, trusting it might contain some elucidation of the child's mysterious appearance.

But though the envelope was correctly addressed in his name, the handwriting was wholly unknown to him. Notwithstanding, at the very first glance of that which it enclosed he uttered a cry so wild and piercing, that the child who was seated at the fire still gently sobbing, started up, gazing at him in terror.

And, indeed, Owen's appearance was sufficient to have alarmed even a stouter spirit than that of this trembling waif. He was white as death, while his dilated eyes, fixed on the letter before him, seemed to be starting out of his head.

The handwriting of that letter was too well known to him.

It was Flora's, and many, in the same hand, yellow and worn, lay in a cabinet close by.

Suddenly he dropped the letter, or rather it fell from his nerveless grasp, and springing to his feet he seized the child roughly by the arm, and dragging her towards the lamp, closely scanned her every feature.

Terrified by his wild look and manner, she cried out piteously—

"Oh, don't beat Tiny! Mammy said you would be good to her. Oh, mammy, come back, and take Tiny to heaven!"

Her little head fell back as she spoke. She had fainted.

Recalled to himself, not only by the piteousness of her appeal, but by the fear she might be dead, Owen lifted her in his arms and carried her into the back room. Painfully light as was the unhappy child's weight, he was trembling from head to foot as he laid her on his own bed.

But the necessity of immediate action was imperative, reflection must come afterwards.

And as he chafed her cold wasted hands and arms, compassion deep and Christ-like overwhelmed him at sight of the cruel marks of ill-treatment to which the poor waif had been subjected.

But Tiny's suffering little heart was beginning to beat again, and supreme joy filled his own at this evidence that she still lived; and finding his kindly but clumsy efforts to restore her to full consciousness prove unavailing, he called for the aid of a neighbor, a widow who lived overhead, and hastily handing Tiny over to her care, observed hurriedly—

"We must make inquiries about this poor child to-morrow. She has been left at our door, and in any case must remain here to-night, Mrs. Bentley. You have, I know, a motherly heart."

Without waiting for a reply he left the room. As he did so Tiny opened her eyes and fixed them upon him.

He shuddered, for they were Flora's eyes appealing to him for pardon and compassion. Mechanically, like one who walks in his sleep, he returned to where he had left the letter. Would he find it there still, or was his belief of having received it the creation of a diseased brain?

Could he be going mad again?

A wail from the room above, whither the child had been conveyed by motherly hands, the open letter still lying on the table, convinced him that all had occurred within the last few moments were stern realities.

He had but glanced at the opening lines of that letter. Now he slowly and deliberately read it to the end.

And thus it ran:—

"Owen,—The hand which traces these lines will be cold and stiff in death when they meet your eye. Oh! cast them not aside. Read them, read them, for the sake of Him who died for sinners, of whom I am chief. But if I have sinned much, I have suffered much, though not more than I deserve; and, Owen, I have

repented, I have, indeed. But what repentance can undo my wrong to you? Yet something whispers that you have forgiven me. And if you could forgive, surely God will not be less merciful! I have seen you often, Owen, when you little knew I was near, and longed to throw myself at your feet, but did not dare.

"Shall I tell you why I have the certainty of your forgiveness? One night when my heart was desolate within me, I turned into the meeting-house where we used to go together, and I heard you pray for one who had wrought you great evil, and I wept, Owen. Ah! how I wept, for I knew you were praying for me. But your prayer saved me; that night repentance entered into my soul, and I vowed to sin no more.

"He had forsaken me and my child then, but one in a humble walk of life offered me marriage, said he would be a father to my babe. For her sake I accepted. God best knows how he fulfilled that promise.

"But I bore all his ill-treatment, even to blows, through long dreary years as expiation of what I had made you suffer. But what I could not bear was his cruelty to my unoffending child. This has slowly killed me. When I am dead he has sworn to send her to the Union. Owen, for the love of Christ, save her from this. Unknown to him she will be conveyed to your house. Have mercy on her. Keep her from future evil. Teach her to read of heaven. Guard her from her mother's sins, and so heap coals of fire on the head of repentant and most unhappy,

"FLORA."

Even in his bitterest hour of sorrow Owen had never shed a tear, the iron had entered too deeply into his soul for him to find relief in tears; but as he now concluded Flora's appeal for her nameless child, he buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud.

Slowly it was dawning upon him that his prayer was answered—answered more fully and freely than he had ever hoped or trusted it would be.

The woman he had so truly loved had not become that vile thing from which all good people instinctively shrink with compassionate loathing. She had repented—was safe for all eternity.

But she had bequeathed him a legacy, the acceptance of which must be the confirmation of his forgiveness. She implored him to become the guardian of her child, of his also, of that man whom he would willingly have killed at one time had it been in his power.

He had long forgiven Flora. But was he called upon, in proof of that forgiveness, to cherish beneath his roof the living proof of her sin, of her treachery to him? He started to his feet at the thought, clenching his hand convulsively, wrestling in desperate agony of spirit with the conflicting emotions by which he was torn.

Becoming calmer after a time, he fell on his knees, praying, as was his wont in every difficulty, to have the way made clear to him.

When he arose from that prayer his decision had been made.

Even as God had granted his petition for Flora, so surely was he bound to grant hers for Tiny.

Looking up her letter in the cabinet which held those others, once so cherished, and which she had never had courage to burn, he hastily took up a candle and mounted the stairs to the room where the child lay.

On the landing he met the woman in whose care he had placed her, who observed with tearful eyes—

"Poor stray lamb, she has sobbed herself to sleep." Then looking up at Owen with deep curiosity, she added, "She's been dropped here purposely, I'm thinking, Mr. Chester. But of course, if none come to claim her to-morrow, you will send her to the Union."

"No," replied Owen firmly, "God has sent her to my door. Here she shall remain." In softer accents he said, "I know something about this child, Mrs. Bentley. I will tell you more to-morrow."

He re-opened the door where Tiny was, as he spoke, shutting it gently but decisively after him. He wished for no witness of what passed between him and Flora's unhappy offspring.

For a moment he remained perfectly still, then with a throbbing heart approached the bed and gazed wistfully down on the sleeping child, who looked whiter and more wan than when awake.

That her repose was not that of happy childhood was evinced by her labored breathing, and the expression of terror which had not deserted her little face even in sleep.

Her hair, matted and tangled, was scattered over the pillow; and her thin arms, with the hands tightly clenched, were thrown over her head, while tears still clung to her eyelashes, and stained her cheeks.

A sad and moving sight!

Overcome by the child's piteous aspect, Owen sank on his knees by the bedside, murmuring—

"Flora's child! Oh, Father in heaven, how different had she been mine also!"

An irrepressible sob escaped him, startling and awaking the little sleeper, who, springing up, looked wildly around her.

Catching sight of Owen, she cowered down, striving to hide herself with the bed-clothes, as she exclaimed in smothered accents of intense terror—

"Oh, please, please don't hurt Tiny any more, and she'll do all you tell her"!

Evidently the poor child was only half awake, and still pursuing some painful dream, for her whole form was quivering with intense terror. But Owen put his arms tenderly around her, and drawing her towards him, said in a voice of inexpressible compassion—

"Have no fear, Tiny. Nobody in this world will ever hurt you again."

The child looked up at him with wondering eyes, in which, however, confidence dwelt as she repeated in awe-struck tones—

"Nobody will hurt Tiny any more. Then I am in heaven, and you must be God. But where is mammy?"

"You are not in heaven, nor am I God. But I am going to teach you the road to heaven, where one day you will see Him, and find your mother," answered Owen in deep emotion.

Closer to him crept the child, nestling her head on his shoulder as she whispered in surprise—

"Why, those are mammy's words. And if you are not God, you must be good like Him, and won't send Tiny back to stepfather"—she shuddered—"or to the Union."

"Never, Tiny. I call God to witness that henceforth you are my child."

He waited a moment, but she made no reply. The wearied waif was falling asleep again, and a peace of mind, unknown to him for years, rose in Owen's heart as he observed a smile resting on her face.

Laying her gently down, he stooped and dropped a kiss on her brow, upon which a tear also fell. That tear washed out all remembrance of Flora's sin, that kiss was the seal of his perfect forgiveness, deciding for ever the fate of Flora's child.

The Black Bag.

BY T. L.

WHY is it, I have often asked, that people—ladies especially—entertain the idea that a large element of romance must necessarily enter into the prosaic professions? Lawyers, we all know, live in an atmosphere of perpetual mystery; and even I, in my essentially monotonous routine as a banker, have not escaped the reputation of being the hero of adventures, if only I could be induced to relate them.

"Oh, Mr. Lovechild, during your long business career, how much you must have seen, and what delightfully exciting experiences you must have had!"

"What sort of experiences?" I have asked, moved by the eloquent eyes of some fair querist.

"Oh, all kinds, of course—banks breaking, panics, cries in the money market—delicious, dreadful things of that kind."

"Not one of these," I say, candidly, "has ever fallen to my lot; and delightfully thrilling, as no doubt they must be, I am not at all sure that I should have appreciated them. In my opinion, adventures, like secrets, have generally too much of the disagreeable and dangerous about them; and I am glad to say that in my career their number has been limited to one. If you insist upon hearing it——You do? I will therefore proceed to relate the moving history of the crisis in the house of Lovechild, when the fortunes of its head clerk hung upon the fate of a black bag. I shall have to ask you to be lenient, as it is equally difficult for a man to acquit himself gracefully in relating his own experiences, whether he blow his trumpet loud or soft.

* * * * * * *

"In the year 185— I, John Lovechild, walked in my palace in Babylon; in other words, I sat in the bank parlor of the branch office of Messrs. Gold, Silver, and Co., Limited, of Lombard Street. For the first time in my life I occupied the managerial chair; and very pleasant and easy I should have found it, had not the senior partner succeeded in planting therein a particularly sharp thorn before he left me in possession.

"'Lovechild,' he had sent to me, previous to his departure for town on urgent private business, 'you are left in a responsible position. I expect you to keep things going as they are. Above all, don't try to be too clever—or, what comes to the same thing, Lovechild, don't make a fool of yourself.

"Make a fool of myself! Gold is a notoriously plain-spoken man—a coarse, rude bear, in fact,—but no amount of bluntness could excuse him here; not all the respect of all the clerks who ever kicked their heels behind a ledger could ever make amends for such a speech as this. Because a man is a partner in a first-class house, it does not follow that he has business capacity. Not at all. 'Many a flower'—I mean, many is the instance of modest merit that only awaits the opportunity to spring forth into the full sunshine of prosperity. There are possibly more instances of modest—that is to say, unrecognized—merit than the reverse. For example, for a man of sound business capabilities, discretion, &c., I should not say give me Gold; absurd. Or Silver, a mere sleeping partner; or Co., who is, in fact, Gold's nephew, young Marsden, a mere boy; but give me a clerk, experienced, prudent—a man, in short, who might be trusted not to make a fool of himself, or to be made a fool of by anyone else. Ha, ha!

"Better, indeed, to have submitted quietly to the arrogance of Gold; but the sting of his vulgar insolence derived its poison from another source. By a singular coincidence, Mrs. Lovechild had given me a precisely similar caution when I had mentioned to her, quite casually, the fact of my temporary promotion. Now Gold is a man—I will not go so far as to say that he is a fool—but he is a man of whose judgment I entertain no opinion. Mrs. Lovechild is another matter altogether. She is an undeniably clever woman, and has succeeded in transmitting a large portion of her intellect to her son. I do not say that I entirely admire it, but as an instance of the modern system of education, it would not be easy to beat J. Lovechild, jun. We expected great things of him, since to his mother's talent he united perseverance, and, perhaps, a little of his father's—— But I need not dwell upon that. In spite of Gold's vulgar hints and Mrs. Lovechild's unreasonable fancies, there was much in my prospects to encourage pleasant ruminations, a little to the neglect, it must be feared, of the pile of correspondence that lay on the table. The ability with which I hoped to discharge the duties of my present post would lead possibly to a permanent increase of salary. Gold would not always retain the management, and then——

"The entrance of one of the clerks with a telegram in his hand put an end to my meditations. Many a time had I presented these messages myself, and watched with admiration the impassive features of Gold as he read them. To have copied his imperturbable demeanor would have been easy enough, had not the startling nature of the communication put, for the moment, everything else out of my head. It was from Gold himself, and ran as follows:—

"'Marsden has absconded, taking with him valuable securities.' (A schedule of them here followed.) 'Believed to be leaving London by 10 o'clock express, which waits ten minutes at B——. Meet it, and offer him $2500 to surrender securities, on condition he goes abroad. Otherwise arrest him. If possible, avoid scandal. Small, dark man, probably wearing grey trousers, black frock-coat, silk hat; black, short moustache and whiskers; aquiline nose.'

"In the face of such a message as that, it is no wonder if I did forget to practice my official manner until I was recalled to my senses by seeing the reflection of my agitation clearly visible in the features of my astonished clerk. To dismiss him from the parlor was my first thought; my second to sit down and consider the situation. That such a disgrace as this should befall a respectable house was a thing never heard of. But still, to a man in my confidential position, an explanation at once presented itself. Although I had never seen young Marsden, reports of his extravagance and of his uncle's indulgence had from time to time reached me. He had, of course, plunged deeper than usual, and, folly had, as so frequently happens, developed into crime. Poor Gold! and after all his good advice to me! Heaven grant that the caution about making a fool of myself had not occurred to him in all its poignancy. Was it not David who confessed to a longing to see his judges overthrown in stony places? Candidly, I confess that I had no sympathy with such sentiments. On the contrary, my mind was filled with an immense compassion for Gold; in fact, the office clock struck one before I had half done feeling for him. Bless me! not much time to spare then. But, to a man of business habits, it did not take long to make all the necessary arrangements, deposit the required amount in my bag, lock it, and jump into a hansom. The train was due at 1.40, and as I should pass my house on my way to the station, there was just time to run in and have a biscuit and a glass of wine to fortify my nerves for the trying interview. Without the least intention of revealing my employer's secrets, I may say that I have never found it convenient to conceal anything from Mrs. Lovechild. Not that she is what may be called a sympathising listener, but her advice, though not always palatable, is generally valuable.

"But to-day there was but little opportunity for an exchange of confidences. My son was at home, with his books and his bag and his talk of scholarships and exhibitions, and in the presence of the rising generation nowadays, the elders have not much chance of getting in a word.

"'Hullo! father,' he began, as he rushed into the dining-room; 'how goes it at the Bank to-day? How much is seven dollars and twenty cents for thirty years at two and a-half? I'll give you three seconds to do it in.'

"'I say, mother,' continued our irrepressible heir; 'isn't father important since he became bank manager? If he's got to get to the station by 1.40, he has precious little time to do it in, for your clock's slow, as usual.'

"'I can't think what's come to the clock,' said my wife; 'it always used to go well, and it hasn't been altered for months.'

"'That's just the reason why it's wrong now,' returned Johnnie. 'I'll show it you in a moment in my book. Just hand me my bag.'

"'Oh! bother your reasons and your books,' I interrupted. 'Your facts are, unfortunately, only too accurate. Give me my hat, wife; there's my bag on the chair—no, on the table.'

"And so saying I ran down the stairs with wonderful celerity for a middle-aged gentleman of somewhat portly habit.

* * * * * * *

"Oh! blessed unpunctuality of trains! Never will I execrate thee again. Three minutes late as we dashed up to the station and found the express grinding and crunching to a standstill. Snatching up my bag, I hurried along the platform, peering into the different carriages, and assuming as I did so an air of magisterial severity.

"Ah! there he was, with false confidence, actually protruding his head from the window of a first-class compartment. I knew him in a minute—black hair, slight moustache, aquiline features—yes, here was my man.

"I looked at him for an instant, then opened the door, entered the carriage, and sat down opposite him.

"He gave one clean glance; and now I saw the frock-coat and grey trousers. There was no time to lose, so I plunged at once into matters.

"'Your name is Marsden!' I said.

No fuss, no excitement. Oh, if Gold could only have seen me now!

"He started violently, and made an effort as if to leave the carriage.

"'It is no use,' I said; 'if you make the slightest effort to escape, I shall call the detective whom I have in waiting on the platform.'

"How well I told that lie, and what an effect it had upon Marsden! Fortunate indeed that it had, seeing that in my hurry these indispensable accessories to an arrest—a policeman and a warrant—had entirely slipped my memory. The miserable man fell back in the corner of the carriage, and covered his face with his hands.

"It is not often that one gets a chance of lecturing one's chief that was to have been, but here was an opportunity, which it was a positive duty to embrace. But I could be magnanimous.

"'Unhappy youth,' I began, 'I do not wish to aggravate the misery I know you must be suffering, but be assured a time will come when the disgrace you have brought upon an honorable house and the kindest of uncles will recoil tenfold upon your head.'

"Marsden groaned.

"'You have never been tempted,' he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Tempted! The honest red rose indignantly to my cheeks.

"'Do you know, Sir, that you are speaking to John Lovechild, the trusted servant and manager of Messrs. Gold, Silver, and Co? But I have neither time nor inclination to bandy words with you. I am here solely to carry out the instructions of my employers, and am authorized to give you $2500 on condition that you hand over the securities which you have abstracted. This handsome sum is offered you on the understanding that you go abroad. Failing your acceptance of these terms, by your uncle's orders you will be given into custody at once.'

"For a moment Marden seemed to gasp for breath, then, recovering himself, he said, with a poor attempt at bravado—

"'Of course I accept,' he said, sullenly. 'I call it precious mean of my uncle; but I don't seem to have much choice. Hand us over the money.'

"'Not so fast, young,' I said. 'The securities first, if you please. You seem to forget that you have a man of business to deal with.'

"Taking a key from his pocket, he pulled a tin case from beneath the seat, and drew out a bundle of papers. His hand trembled as he handed them to me, though he preserved his demeanor of dogged sulkiness.

"'They are all there,' he said, defiantly. 'You'll want to count them, I suppose; but you'll please to remember that time's getting on, and I think it would be only fair if I saw the color of my uncle's money.'

"A hasty inspection of the packet satisfied me that its contents corresponded with the list I had received in the telegram. Without deigning a reply, and amidst the ringing of the bell and the shouts of the porters 'Any more for the Liverpool express?' I produced my bag and began to unlock it. But are there not some locks that have absolutely human fits of obstinacy? Mine was one of these.

"'Going on, sir?'" asked the guard, laconically, appearing at the door of the carriage, his whistle at his lips.

"'Bother the lock,' I cried, after blowing and shaking had been tried in vain. 'Something must have got into it. Here, take it, bag and all; you'll find it all correct, and you may think yourself lucky to have fallen into such good hands.'

"The young man made a snatch at the documents, but I was too quick for him, and I stumbled on to the platform just as the train was on the move.

"'A near shave that, sir,' said a reproachful porter, who set me up again. 'I've seen many gentlemen badly hurt in that way.'

"But I was too much engrossed in watching the train glide out of sight round the curve outside the station, after which my first duty was plain—viz., to go straight to the telegraph-office and inform my employers of the happy result of my negotiations:—

"'Have carried out instructions contained in your telegram. Delicate matters successfully arranged as you wish. Will write particulars to your private address.'"

"Admirable, I flattered myself. Gold will see that his confidence was not misplaced. This means another hundred dollars a-year, or my name's not John Lovechild.

"Back to the bank again, where I had some difficulty in preventing my self-complacency from obviously beaming in my countenance.

"I was soon engrossed in the cor-

respondence, which the unusual work of the morning had obliged me to postpone. The arrival of a second telegram did not disturb my equanimity. It was obliging, but after all only natural, that Gould should lose no time in acknowledging the efforts which I had made to save the reputation of his family. With perfect confidence, I opened the message. I laid it down with the knowledge that I was a ruined man.

"'I cannot understand your telegram,' it ran. 'Never sent any instructions. Am coming down at once for an explanation. Hope you have not been imposed upon.'

'Imposed upon!

"With a trembling hand, I took the first message out of my pocket, and read it over, comparing it carefully with the second.

"Alas! the truth was only too obvious. A forgery, a trick, which I now felt ought never to have deceived the youngest clerk who had been six months at business. What pains had I taken to prove the authenticity of those extraordinary instructions, which possibly would have deceived no one else in my position? None, absolutely none. Fool that I was! Who was it that had warned me not to be a fool? Gold? Yes, Gold and my wife. And now they would know—every clerk in the house would know—what an egregious fool I had been, the easy dupe of a common thief. The iron entered deep into my soul as I sat, forced to drink the cup of shame and mortification to its bitterest dregs, the most broken-hearted man, I will undertake to say, in B——. The afternoon wore on. The fading light warned me that closing time was come. Beyond giving information to the police, I could do nothing. Mechanically I locked up the strong room, dismissed the clerks, and, taking leave (might it be for the last time?) of the bank, turned my steps towards home.

"For the first time in my life, I dreaded looking in the faces of the passers-by. My misery, I felt, was written on my countenance in letters that he who ran might read. It was a relief to close my door on the outside world, and to know that I should not have to face it again till to-morrow. Going into our little sitting-room, I should have been at any other time surprised to find my wife sitting before the fire, listless and unoccupied. She turned round as I opened the door, and 'Oh! John,' she said, as she rose, after one glance at my face.

"'It is all over, Bessie,' I said; 'we are ruined. We must begin the world all over again.'

"Even then I noticed that she did not seem surprised, and the thought that she may have had her suspicions all the time filled my cup almost to overflowing.

"'Ruined!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, John, and it is all my fault!'

"'Absurd!' I said, sinking wearily into a chair. 'You might have told me if you had thought of it a couple of hours ago; but it is ridiculous and morbid to say it is your fault.'

"'We only found it out after you had left,' said my wife, sobbing hysterically. 'Johnnie did run after you; but he couldn't make you hear, and you never told us which station you were going to. So we couldn't do more than we did; but you must let me see Mr. Gold, and explain it to him.'

"'It is absurd to talk of explanation,' I said, impatiently. "If the commonest care had been taken, I could have avoided being victimized by a plot like that!'

"'You needn't call it a plot,' she said. 'It's no use to look on the blackest side of everything.'

"My wife stopped crying.

"I said no more. It was not the loss of the money, 'or I dare say we could have put that straight, but the disgrace, the loss of reputation, probably of employment, that pressed so heavily on my mind. The moments passed wearily as I sat waiting for the arrival of Mr. Gold. Every hour seemed a year, and weighted with an increasing load of humiliation and care. My wife made several attempts to console me; but for once we were not in sympathy, as she did not appear to realize the gravity of the situation.

"'John, dear,' she said, at length, 'Mr. Gold is a rough sort of man, but surely he is not unreasonable. Come now, what will you give me now if I see him for you, and have it all put right? After all, it is only an unfortunate mistake.'

"'Give you!' I cried, impatiently. 'A house in town, a carriage and pair—anything you like. But it is no subject for jesting. The train must be in by now. Read that, and see how you ever think it is to be put to rights.'

"Mrs. Lovechild took up the telegram which I threw upon the table. I did not look at her, but I felt the look she gave as she read it.

"'There,' I said, bitterly, 'you'll be a cleverer woman than I took you for if you can see a way out of that scrape. The money of the firm wasted, the confidential manager pro tem. gulled by a stale, well-worn trick that, no doubt, has taken in hundreds of fools before him.'

"My wife was silent. I glanced at her: her face was pale, and her forehead was drawn into a puzzled frown. There was such a peculiar expression in her eyes when they met mine that, although I could not tell why, I felt a sudden thrill go through my whole frame.

"At that moment there was a ring at the bell.

"'John,' whispered my wife, breathlessly, 'oh! why didn't you show me this before? Here, give me your keys—quick! quick! Sit still, and say exactly what I tell you.'

"As she spoke she disappeared through the folding-doors that shut off our little dining-room. I heard the servant go along the passage below; I heard Gold's well-known voice as she opened the door.

"But anxiety and my long fast had done their work, and a dull indifference that was almost like drowsiness came over me. Just then my wife called to me from the inner room. She was holding something in her hand. As I live, it was my pocket-book and a bag—yes, my very own bag was lying on the ground at her feet!

"The shock was overwhelming. I rose to meet her, but the room seemed to rise with me. I tried to steady myself by the table, but missed it, and somebody coming into the room, caught me as I fell.

* * * * * *

"When I came to my senses, I was lying on the sofa in the sitting-room. My collar was unfastened, a cold wind was blowing on me from the open window, and Gold was standing beside me holding my hand.

"'He'll do,' he said. 'Don't try to speak, Lovechild. It won't suit us to have a man like you laid on the shelf.'

"I raised myself, and was beginning to put a bewildered question; but my wife, who was a little behind Gold, put a warning finger to her lips.

"'Dear John,' she said, 'do pray do as you are advised. Leave it to me. I can explain it all to Mr. Gold.'

"'Yes, Lovechild,' said the manager, 'we cannot afford to have you laid up. By Jove! if only every firm had a man like you! Why, many a clever fellow would have been taken in by that scoundrel. You see, Mrs. Lovechild has told me already how much too sharp you have been for them. And that telegram, too, it showed such a prompt appreciation of the situation. You have put the police on their track, no doubt? Well, well, we won't talk any more just now. Mrs. Lovechild, a word with you in the next room, if you please.'

"'But how on earth,' I said, as my wife stooped over me before following him—'I did give him the money, didn't I?'

"'John,' she whispered, 'I must have that house in town and those horses, after all. We've been playing at cross purposes all the time. Haven't you guessed it, you stupid fellow? You never gave him any money at all. Why? Why, because you took the wrong bag.'

"So this was the conclusion of the matter, after all—a conclusion however that I was not in a position to comprehend, during which time Gold and my wife had settled it all between them. To have a full explanation with the senior partner was my first and earnest wish when I had risen from the sick bed on which I had been expiating my conceited folly; but here I was again pulled up by my domestic monitress.

"'John,' she urged, 'you have a wife and child to work for. Do not destroy the confidence of your employers. You have had your lesson—take it; and for the future be a wiser man.'

"And so she had her way. It was not so much her pleadings, as the sight of her pale face and the thought of her unwearied watchings by my side, that made me yield, although I recognized the weakness that consented, and if you like to call it by a harder name I shall not quarrel with you. How frequent and how keen were the pangs with which conscience smote me in those first days I will not stop to tell you now; but when, on my return to business, Gold grasped me warmly by the hand, he little guessed the genuine earnestness of the disclaimers with which I strove to put aside the compliments he bestowed too liberally upon me.

"The clever scoundrel was never caught, but some months after my adventure the bag was returned to me from the lost luggage office. On opening it, we found a slip of paper inserted between the leaves of my boy's Latin grammar, on which was written, in a neat business hand, 'For once the biter's bit; but, never fear, next time I shall hold the winning card.'

"However, there has never been any next time, and if prudence and caution can prevent it, as far as I am concerned, there never shall be. The bank is now Gold, Lovechild, and Co., Limited, Silver having long ago retired. Confession of my error has relieved my conscience; at least, it would have done so, except for the singular accident that my partner persists in believing that the whole affair—the true version of it, that is, which I am frequently asked to relate on winter evenings round the fire—is neither more nor less than a complete delusion—a harmless monomania, in fact, and the result of my severe illness. In maintaining this theory, or in pretending to so, I am shocked to say that he is most shamelessly abetted by my wife. She, good soul, has long ago been mistress of the carriage and horses which I promised her. But amongst all the good things of this world with which we have been blest abundantly, there is one possession that we value above all the rest, inasmuch as we regard it as the source of all our success. I dare say you can guess what it is.

"Yes, you are right—it is 'The Black Bag.'"

MORE USES FOR SALT.—The use of common salt appears to be of increasing importance in connection with building material. Among the carpenters the article is now known to be an aid in the heating of glue, and where, as has been usual in joiners' and cabinetmakers' shops, the glue is melted in a jacket kettle, surrounded by water, it is said to be an improvement to place salt in the water in the outer kettle—that is, the addition of salt raises the boiling point, and therefore enables the glue in the kettle to be kept at a higher temperature than could be maintained with water alone, and this is advantageous to the work. Again, masons find their use for salt in adding it to cement mortar in cold weather to preserve it from the injuries effects of freezing. It is known that, in many cases, mortar has been laid in cement in cold weather, using a considerable proportion of salt in the mixture, which, after repeated freezings and thawings, has remained in perfect condition, while work near by laid in mortar of the same kind, but without any admixture of salt, became disintegrated by the frost.

GREAT MEMORIES.

The history of the world has been dotted with the names of those who have possessed remarkable memories. As far back as the remote periods of antiquity, we are told, there were men who were famous for their wonderful powers of recollection.

Mozart, when only thirteen years old, played from one hearing, a new opera, that had been composed expressly to test his skill. A writer, referring to this incident, says:

"He not only reproduced the opera—which was a very difficult one—from memory, without missing a single note, but on a second playing threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by name the people of Athens, which city then numbered 20,000 inhabitants.

George III., though deficient in education, never forget a voice once heard or a face once seen.

A school teacher of London, whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the book of Job and the Psalms, and on a wager he repeated, without a book, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," a poem of nearly 4,000 stanzas of nine lines each.

Porson, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards.

A monk who resided in Moscow in the fifteenth century could repeat the whole of the New Testament.

It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forgot a man's name, nor his face, and this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

Houdin, the magician, was once invited with his son to a gentleman's house to give a seance, and as he went up-stairs he passed the library door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read off the names of twelve volumes and also recognized the positions of two busts. The gentleman, during the seance, was artfully led by the father to ask some questions relating to the library, and was astonished by the accuracy of the magician's answers.

Boone, the blind negro pianist, who has given performances in many countries, has a wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it, he was able to play Liszt's celebrated "Hungarian Rhapsody" without missing a single note. Blind Tom also performed similar feats.

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinist to a trial of skill. The Italian played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin; then, to the astonishment of all present, Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from the beginning to the end without missing a single note throughout the entire performance of the piece.

MAN AND DOG.—The St. Louis banks are very conservative. Some time ago an old man lived in that city who for many years had been in the habit of going to the subtreasury at certain periods to get the coupons of his bonds cashed. On such occasions he was always accompanied by a white and black dog. One day he presented himself for that purpose and the cashier refused to give him the money. The old man demanded to know why.

"I don't know you," said the cashier.

"But I have been here before, and was never denied," the man answered.

The cashier looked at him a moment and then said:

"Where is your black and white dog that always comes with you, if you are the same man?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears as he told the cashier that the dog was dead.

"Well," replied the cashier, "I am sorry to hear that, but you'll have to bring somebody to identify you now. I don't know you without the dog."

WHY SHE HAD DOUBTS.—Dear Friend: "That gentleman who boards at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear."

Sweet Girl: "He is, and I—I love him; but oh, what a risk I am running! We are engaged."

"Risk?"

"Yes; it nearly breaks my heart when the thought comes to me that he may not love me for myself alone, but only, but—boo-hoo!"

"Claim yourself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you!"

"He—he owes mother three months' board."

OUR pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Boston papers tells of "the singular death at Danvers of Miss Emma Felch. She was taken ill some months ago, and from the fact that her mother died from cancer she became possessed with the idea that her sickness was from the same cause. Her physicians could find no indications of cancer, but she claimed that she had one, and located it. She refused food, saying it distressed her. At her desire, after she died, an autopsy was held and no cancer could be found. It was decided that her disease was purely sympathetic."

The statistics of suicides in France which have just been published show an alarming prevalence of self-destruction. The total for the past twelve month is 7572, one-fifth of these being in and around Paris. It is remarkable that poverty has only caused 483 suicides in all France, and this figure includes a morbid fear of impending misery without actual privation; 1975 cases may be traced to mental aberration, and 1228 to physical suffering. Among the moral causes domestic trouble stands first, and alcoholism next. There are 200 cases from disappointed love, and only 27 from jealousy; dislike of military service giving 25. The suicidal month of the year is July.

Of the Argentine Republic, a Washington newspaper correspondent, who visited the country, writes: "A mistaken notion prevails everywhere among the American people, about the social and political condition of the Argentine Republic, as well as about its commerce. There are banks at Buenos Ayres with capital greater than any in the United States and occupying finer buildings than any banking house in New York—palaces of marble and glass and iron. The Provincial Bank has a capital of $12,000,000 and $67,000,000 of deposits. It does more business than any one of our banks, and more than the Imperial Bank of Germany; it is exceeded but by two banks in the world. They have a board of trade and a stock exchange, where business is conducted upon the same plan as in New York or Chicago, and with as great an amount of excitement. There are more daily papers in Buenos Ayres than in New York or London—23 in all.

A despatch from Omaha says: Farmers in the vicinity of Red Cloud, Neb., were recently swindled by a couple of sharpers who introduced themselves as representatives of a firm in Blue Rapids, Kansas. They claim to have a patent by means of which houses and farm property could be insured. In connection with this was a feature by which every house with a cable attachment was to be insured against cyclones for ten years free of charge. They informed the farmers that under the State law before an insurance policy could be issued a certain amount of money must be deposited with the State Treasurer as a guaranty, for a certain length of time, when it would be refunded. They secured considerable insurance money, and sold several township rights for the cable before the suspicions of their victims were aroused. Then the men were arrested, but effected a settlement by surrendering all the notes and money received.

The latest marriage custom which has been introduced is the "secret honeymoon." To the "best man" at the wedding is intrusted the task of selecting a wedding tour, the direction of which he is forbidden by the dictates of honor to disclose to either bride or bridegroom. When the happy pair drive off from the wedding they have a sealed envelope handed them and upon opening this they discover in what direction their journey is to be. The practice is said to give great satisfaction and to work admirably. Its good points are that it throws an air of pressing expectation over the honeymoon which would otherwise be absent, and prevents any chance of the bride or bridegroom wrecking their domestic happiness by squabbling as to the direction of their journey. As a drawback, it may be suggested that it will give admirable opportunity of distinction for the practical joker. Probably the next "society" drama will be found upon the complications of a "secret honeymoon."

"Taking the cushion" is a quaint old Spanish court custom still practiced in Madrid. The ceremonies create noble ladies "grandees of Spain," with the right to sit in the royal presence by permission of the King and Queen, and recently Queen Christina solemnly followed the prescribed form in order to admit several young ladies about the court to the higher rank. All the lady grandees of the court assembled in one of the State apartments each holding a large cushion. In the centre of the room were a large arm-chair and a low stool. Queen Christina entered with her suite, and took the arm chair, and requested the ladies to sit down on their cushions. Then the candidates for grandeeship were introduced one by one; each was attended by a sponsor and made low reverences to the Queen and grandees in turn. The Queen next invited the candidate to sit on a stool at her feet—arranged more ornamentally than a cushion—spoke a few words and allowed the lady to kiss her hand before rising to give place to the next new comer. The new grandee then retired and sat down upon the cushion within the charmed circle of the ladies.

Our Young Folks.

THE MONKEYS' PICNIC.

BY L. P.

"GOOD-BYE, dears; behave nicely, and if you find a cocoanut you can bring it back to me," cried Mrs. Monkey, waving her handkerchief. "I hope you will have a pleasant picnic; and, Posso, you are the eldest, so you must keep the others out of mischief. Bilbo, you foolish boy"—raising her voice—"don't swing the basket about like that, or the pie will come out. Fernie and Clunie, if you turn any more somersaults in the dust, I'll——"

But poor Mrs. Monkey was out of breath by this time; and as it was, her last remarks were quite lost upon the four monkeys capering gaily away down the road, on pleasure bent.

Bilbo, who was a little steadier than the others, had been entrusted with the basket containing the pie, which was to serve as lunch, dinner, tea, or supper, whichever they liked to call it.

He trudged on quietly, while his brother and two sisters darted here and there, swung from the overhanging branches, played at racing and at leap-frog, and filled the air with their merry shouts.

They were going to have a picnic all to themselves, and their heads seemed fairly turned at the thought of it.

Very soon the wood where they had spent all their lives was left behind them, and after a time they came to a place where four roads met.

Here, I am sorry to say, they began to disagree, and make most dreadful faces at each other; and all because each of the four wanted to go a different road.

"I say this is the right way," said Posso decidedly.

"But I want to go that way, it's prettier!" squeaked Fernie obstinately; while—

"I intend to go this way!" came from Clunie.

Cunning Bilbo said nothing, but marched quietly along the road he had decided on, and of course, as he carried the pie, the others very quickly came galloping after him.

They were not going to lose their share of the good things.

A pretty thing a picnic would be with nothing to eat.

"Aha!" grinned Bilbo, showing his white teeth, "I thought you would not like me to have the picnic all to myself; it would be so lonely, wouldn't it? But it's a pity you came; there would have been more for me!"

"Greedy thing!" whispered Fernie into Clunie's ear "he gives himself such airs because he has the basket."

The monkeys walked on more steadily now, but at last Clunie began to yawn.

"I wonder how much farther it is? I'm so tired, and I don't see any beautiful forest."

"You're a silly!" said Posso rudely; "we are not there yet, you girls are always in such a hurry."

"I wish we had brought our parasols," said Clunie, "it is so hot and sandy. I don't think picnics are so nice as people say."

"We've not come to the picnic part of it yet," said Bilbo, whose ideas were all centred in his pie; "when you get to that you'll say it's lovely," and he peeped in the basket, to make sure that his treasure was not melting away.

The heat was certainly intense; the sun streamed down on their faces with a fierce glow, and there was not an atom of shade anywhere.

"I wish you would leave that pie alone and just look where you have brought us," cried Posso angrily; "we have come the wrong road, and it is all your fault."

At this Bilbo looked blank, put down his precious basket, and took a general survey of the country.

A worse place for a picnic could not be found. It was nothing but a wide, sandy, dreary plain, with no trees at all except a couple of solitary palms in the distance.

"This doesn't look like the right place," said Bilbo. "I can't see a forest anywhere, can you?"

No, nobody could see anything at all but sand, and Fernie and Clunie began to cry.

"If this is a picnic we never want to have another," they sobbed, "it's horrid!"

"But I tell you you haven't had the picnic yet," cried poor Bilbo desperately; "it's in the basket all right;" and he opened the lid, with a view of cheering them up a little.

"Then let us eat the picnic and go home, it is much nicer in the wood with the dear parrots and cockatoos."

"We can't sit down here and be fried on the sand," objected Posso; "we had better go as far as those palm-trees yonder; there will be a scrap of shade there at any rate."

So Bilbo shouldered the basket again, and the monkeys made their way to the palm-trees, which were much farther off than they looked so no, wonder the picnic party got hotter and crosser every minute. However, when they were all ready to begin dinner things somehow did not look so black, and even Clunie smiled.

Posso had just given the pie an affectionate pat with his spoon before plunging it in when a loud angry voice behind them nearly sent them flying out of their shoes.

"Trespassers will be prosecuted!" roared the voice, and down one of the palm trees came climbing a huge monkey, with an ugly ill-tempered face.

"How dare you come into my private garden! Didn't you see the notice?" pointing to a placard fastened to the trunk.

The four monkeys crowded together in their fright, and gazed at the stranger with eight startled eyes.

"We lost our way, sir," answered Posso at last, plucking up courage, "and we can't read; I know my capital letters, but——"

"What's that you have there?" growled the old monkey, suddenly catching sight of the pie.

The poor picnic party looked aghast! That enormous mouth, what would it not hold!

Those teeth, how strong and serviceable they looked!

Would the lawful owners of the pie get even a taste of it?

It did indeed seem doubtful, for without any more ado the old monkey sat down, and seizing the largest spoon, began to attack it; giving Posso, who tried to protect it, a sound box on the ears.

"That's our dinner, not yours," cried poor Posso valiantly.

"If you say another word," growled the intruder savagely, "I'll eat you all as soon as I've finished this."

At this pleasant prospect the monkeys shook with terror.

It was bad enough to see their dinner disappearing before their very eyes, but to furnish the next course in their own persons was worse.

At this point something so very startling occurred that the picnic came to an end in a great hurry.

It happened that a lean and hungry leopard had been vainly prowling around for something to dine upon, when he caught sight of the little procession of weary monkeys crossing the plain. His cruel eye glistened, and he at once followed in their track.

"Even a skinny ape is better than no ape at all," thought he to himself very sensibly; but when he perceived that they had been joined by the old monkey his joy knew no bounds.

Quietly, stealthily, he crept nearer and nearer until he reached one of the palm-

The monkeys were too much taken up with their uninvited guest to notice the enemy lurking so near; and the guest himself was too much much taken up with the pie.

All at once Fernie looked round, gave a frantic yell, turned head over heels in her fright, and scrambled up the nearest tree like a lamp-lighter.

The next instant the leopard had rushed forward and had sprung into the midst of the party.

There was a not a second to be lost.

Up the tree after Fernie dashed Bilbo and Clunie, while Posso took to his heels, and tore across the plain in the direction of home.

The old monkey must have lost his head completely; for, instead of running away, or at least showing fight and dying like a man, the ridiculous animal simply hugged the pie in his arms, and threw himself face downwards in the sand.

Perhaps he thought like the ostrich, that if he did not see the foe, the foe would be bound not to see him.

However, the leopard very soon proved to him the absurdity of such an idea; for springing upon him with a bound, he at once put an end to his existence with a blow of his powerful paw.

The monkeys in the trees gasped at the sight, and they thought when they realized the situation of what a narrow escape they had had.

Still, even in their present lofty position they did not feel quite happy and comfortable.

Suppose the leopard should take it into his head to wait at the foot of the tree until hunger forced them to come down—and be eaten!

Supposing they should fall asleep and drop down into his very jaws! Such reflections as these filled the captives with the boldness of despair.

They made up their minds that it must be now or never; so, while the enemy was still picking the bones, the monkeys slid down the farther side of the tree and hurried away as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Ah!" thought the leopard, "that old ape was a trifle tough; but the pie was the best I ever tasted. I wish there had been more of it."

Then he bethought himself of the other members of the party he had so rudely disturbed; but to his surprise and disgust not one of them was to be seen.

"I managed that badly," said he with a growl; "to think of begging only one out of five! I feel quite ashamed of myself."

* * * * * *

The four monkeys trotted sadly and quietly home; and delighted indeed were they to find themselves again in the old familiar wood.

How green and beautiful it looked after the hot sandy plain, and how cheerful the chattering of the parrots sounded!

Mrs. Monkey was much surprised to see her children arrive in such bad spirits and with such very large appetites.

It was indeed fortunate that there was another pie in the larder, just the same size as the one they had taken away in the morning, or I do not know what they would have done.

"Well, and did you enjoy yourselves, my dears?" asked Mrs. Monkey, looking round the table.

Nobody answered for a minute, and then Bilbo said, looking rather queer—

"It wasn't the sort of picnic that you would particularly care about, mother. You see, a leopard and an ugly old ape came to dine with us without being invited; and, to tell you the truth, it rather put us out. There were not enough spoons to go round."

The others stared at this version of the affair; and at the bare notion of a leopard Mrs. Monkey held up her hands in horror.

"My dears, a leopard! You don't say so!"

"Mother," interposed Fernie solemnly, "picnics are not nice things at all; they are so very alarming. I don't think we will have another this summer."

"We won't have another at all!" cried Posso resolutely.

And although the monkeys lived many a year in the wood, this was their first and last picnic.

A TALE OF A TUMBLE.

BY M. BROWNE.

WHY they called her Jo when her name was Octavia I cannot tell you. I only know they did it, and "they" were her father and mother and brothers. She hadn't any sisters; but if she had had any, I am sure they would have called her "Jo" too.

There was only one person who always gave Jo her proper name, and that person was Aunt Priscilla.

Now Jo was not fond of Aunt Priscilla. She never said so to anyone, but all the same she thought it. Aunt Priscilla was an active little old lady, who lived in a little old house, in which there was an old little dog, and an old little servant.

Whenever Jo went to see her, and you may be sure that was not very often, but whenever she did go, Aunt Priscilla always called her Octavia, or "my child," gave her tapioca pudding for dinner, and taught her how to mend clothes and how to darn stockings.

This was, of course, very good for a harum-scarum girl; but Jo did not like it or, as I said before, Aunt Priscilla.

Well, one day the baby was ill, and mother was worried, so Jo was ordered off to Aunt Priscilla's to spend the day.

If you had seen her as she set out, with her bag in her hand and a shawl over her arm, you would have said to yourself "That looks like a very good girl."

And yet you would have been mistaken, for she was by no means a good girl. Jo looked as if she were going to Aunt Priscilla's; but when she got to the corner of the road she stopped an omnibus that was going away from Aunt Priscilla's as fast as ever it could, and got into it. For the fact of the matter was that Jo had made up her mind that she would not go to Aunt Priscilla's; no, not, she said to herself, if she had to spend the whole day in the streets.

As she took her seat she felt as if all the people were looking at her, and she quite expected them to call out, "You are going the wrong way, Octavia"; but no one took any notice of her.

When she had been in the omnibus about a quarter of an hour it suddenly pulled up at the corner of a street, and a lady got in.

The lady was little—Jo looked at her once; the lady was old—Jo looked at her twice.

Then Jo turned very red, and looked down, and tried to hide. The little old lady was Aunt Priscilla!

When she looked up, however, she found to her relief that she had not been noticed. Aunt Priscilla had a thick veil on, and Aunt Priscilla seemed very quiet.

The omnibus drove on, and Jo got farther and farther into the corner.

There was a big stout gentleman next to her, so that when she leaned back she was completely hidden from Aunt Priscilla, who was at the other end of the omnibus.

Presently, by peeping round her big neighbor, Jo managed to see that Aunt Priscilla was getting her purse, and as she pushed up her veil Jo thought she looked rather sad.

It had never struck Jo before that perhaps Aunt Priscilla was not very happy.

Just then she drew back, for Aunt Priscilla paid her fare, called to the conductor to stop, and prepared to get out. Somehow, perhaps because of the thick veil—but somehow, as she was getting down from the step her foot slipped, and she tumbled into the road.

In a minute, forgetful of everything, even the bag and shawl, Jo was out of the omnibus, and by Aunt Priscilla's side.

The conductor came to the rescue too, and between them Aunt Priscilla was soon on her feet again.

She was not hurt: that is to say, no bones were broken; but she seemed very much shaken and very much confused.

Jo paid her fare, and the omnibus conductor departed, leaving Jo standing on the pavement with much-bewildered Aunt Priscilla.

Her aunt, however, was so much-upset that even now she did not recognise her little niece. Jo's only thought was how to get her aunt home, and she asked her if she would like a cab.

Aunt Priscilla nodded, Jo quickly called a cab, told the man where to go, put Aunt Priscilla in, and jumped in herself.

Aunt Priscilla still seemed very much confused, and rather faint. She kept her eyes shut, and her thick veil down, and did not speak a word.

Jo was very glad when they reached the little old house, and for the first time in her life, very pleased to see the little old dog, and the little old servant. Very soon after Aunt Priscilla was sitting on her own sofa.

Then, for the first time, she began to wonder how it was that a stranger had known her address, and what the strange little girl was like who had been so kind to her.

She lifted up her veil, and looked at her helper.

"Octavia!" she exclaimed, "my child, where did you come from? Can it be you who have been so kind to a poor old lady?"

Jo nodded and then quite suddenly, Aunt Priscilla kissed her. Then Jo looked astonished, for Aunt Priscilla did not often kiss anybody; and then Jo smiled.

"Didn't you think I could be kind?" she said.

Aunt Priscilla kissed her again. "I suppose I didn't understand you," she said. "You always seem to me so helpless and cross."

Several weeks of summer passed slowly by, and George's arm was on the recovery. He had grown weary of solitude. Letter-

"Why, Aunt Priscilla, you never let me help you. You always made me darn stockings and eat tapioca pudding, and you always call me Octavia."

Aunt Priscilla looked amazed.

"But don't you like tapioca pudding and darning? And why shouldn't I call you Octavia? It is your name, and my mother's as well," she said softly.

Jo looked very quiet, for Aunt Priscilla looked sadder than ever; at last she said quietly—

"No, I can't bear tapioca, and I don't at all like darning or sewing of any kind. Did you think I did?"

"You never told me you did not like them; how was I to know?" asked Aunt Priscilla. "When I was a small girl I was very fond of needlework, and tapioca was my favorite pudding."

Jo laughed; then Aunt Priscilla laughed, and then Jo kissed Aunt Priscilla, and Aunt Priscilla kissed Jo; and then Jo said.

"Why, we have both been mistaken; I beg your pardon, and I will never be afraid of you any more."

"And I won't be afraid of you," said Aunt Priscilla, "for I was afraid of you, Octavia; but we will both begin all over again."

And they did begin again, and the second beginning was better than the first, for Jo learned to love Aunt Priscilla; and Aunt Priscilla soon found her harum-scarum niece had some good in her.

Now they are the greatest friends and Jo very often spends the day with Aunt Priscilla; but though Aunt Priscilla still calls her niece Octavia by that niece's special request, they never have Aunt Priscilla's favorite pudding, tapioca for dinner.

BENEFIT OF QUIETNESS.—Young people are apt to fancy that quiet girls are necessarily stupid ones; they see no evidence of brilliancy, and form a wrong estimate of the character of that demure maiden whose only ambition in life seems to be to sit in silence and listen while others talk.

For nobody seems to feel it a duty to draw her out; nobody believes there is anything to draw out. If, however, she is not satisfied with her fortunes, nobody hears anything about it, and consequently everybody believes, if they give her a thought, that she is perfectly resigned to the commonplace, and that she could not appreciate anything better.

By-and-by, when the quiet girl writes a successful novel, or paints a successful picture, we wonder how she gained her knowledge. "She never knew a hundred people in her life," we say.

Yet, all the same she has known these few people to some purpose; she has had leisure to reflect upon what she has seen.

She has not been so occupied in amusing herself, in advertising her good points, in making the most of herself, but that she could observe others and use all the material in her world.

In the meanwhile it is the quiet girl who marries the earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sister leaves vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing-machine, remembers the birthdays, listen to the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.

THE THIMBLE, NEEDLE, AND THREAD.—A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together.

Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and and said spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future."

"It is true, I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know that is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it."

"Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peace-maker.

"You mind your own business," retorted the needle.

"My business is your business," said the thread, you are no use without me, and I am none without me, and I am none without you."

"That's it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent. But my own opinion is that people should try to help one another from the highest to the lowest, we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbors for something or other, every day of our lives."

—A. H. B.

WHAT is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

BY-AND-BY.

BY RUTH LAMB.

Well I know a bonny lassie,
Sweet seventeen and fancy free;
Just a bud, but it will blossom.
We shall see fair 'twill be
By-and-by.

What she wills and what she will not
She is seldom loth to say.
Quite in earnest? Who can doubt it?
But she may change one day,
By-and-by.

Hearken to her tone defiant.
"Marry, say you? Nay, not I!"
Wait a little. We'll not wrangle;
We shall see what will be
By-and-by.

There is one who waits and watches
Patiently; but seems to say—
"True love can hide, true love will bide,
That he may have his way,
By-and-by.

"Do not dream that you will daunt me
With your 'Nay' and saucy air;
I shall woo and haply win you;
I shall dare, maiden fair,
By-and-by.

"Oft and oft you say 'I will not.'
Hateful words! Pray let them be;
Change them for 'I will,' and, dear one,
This will be enough for me
By-and-by."

A PEOPLE OF FUR-LAND.

From what is now known, the natives of Alaska can be broadly classified in four great divisions—namely, the Eskimo or Innuit, the Aleut or Oonangan, the Athabaskan or Tinneh, and the Thlinket tribes.

The Eskimos are called Innuits by some writers because the name is derived from a native word signifying "man," and is supposed to be their own designation of themselves.

In Alaska the Eskimos number altogether about eighteen thousand. Where they came from is of course pure matter of conjecture, but one theory is, that they originated in the centre of the continent, and that their settlement on the Alaskan coasts was coincident with the general migration which led a portion of the same race to Greenland.

There are several subdivisions or tribes of the Eskimos, some of them possessing marked distinctive traits; but certain features and habits they possess in common.

They live in winter in underground, sod-covered houses, and in skin-covered tents in summer. They use implements of stone, of ivory, and of bone; they live upon fish, including seal and walrus and raw blubber; and they clothe themselves generally in skins, although in parts where there is constant intercourse with the traders and whalers, they have sometimes adopted cloth garments for summer wear.

And yet one can scarcely call their subdivisions "tribes," seeing that there is no evidence of an essential feature of tribal existence—chieftainship. A headman there is in each village, called the oomalik; but his function seems more that of a commission agent in negotiating with other tribes and foreigners, than that of governor. In fact, he appears to possess no real influence over the people, and far less attention is paid to him than to the "medicine-man" or shaman.

These shamans—otherwise sorcerers—are the masters-of-ceremonies at all the village festivals, which are frequent during the long dark winters, as well as representatives of all the supernatural or religious belief which the Eskimos possess.

When joint action is necessary, the plans are arranged by a council of the elders, and by such decisions all the inhabitants of a village are held bound.

The coast tribes are noted for more intelligence and shrewdness, which is probably more the result of a longer and larger intercourse with white races than of natural superiority.

Polygamy is not common, although not unknown; and, on the other hand, separations of married couples are rare; and although a man may marry again if his wife dies, the line is drawn at the third.

The marriage ceremony of the Eskimos is extremely simple. After obtaining the consent of the parents, the bridegroom just takes his bride away to his own people, and the knot is tied.

The families are not large, a woman's offspring rarely exceeding two—a family of four being quite phenomenal. Marriages take place at a very early age, and a wife is an old woman at twenty-five.

A pleasing feature in the Eskimos is their kindness to their children. These are treated with the greatest indulgence, and allowed to do and to have pretty much what they please until of an age to support themselves. But they are taught the use of the arms and the tools possessed by their tribe, and miniature implements are constructed for their education.

The standard of manhood is the killing of a wolf, a reindeer, or a beluga-whale. After such an enterprise, a youth becomes a man.

Meanwhile, the various stages of his adolescence are marked by curious ceremonies; that is to say, feasts are held when his hair is trimmed for the first time (the men wear the hair trimmed all round the head while the women wear it loose or plaited); when he first goes to sea alone in a *kiack;* when he makes his first expedition in snow-shoes, and when his lip is cut to receive the *labrets* or ornaments of stone and bone which are worn on the under lip on both sides of the mouth.

All the Eskimos are superstitious about death, and although they hold festivals in memory of departed friends, they will generally carry a dying person to some abandoned hut to drag out his days in hunger and neglect. After the death of a husband or wife, the survivor—among the coast tribes, at anyrate—cuts the front hair short and fasts for twenty-five days.

The festivals—which, as we have said, are numerous—are often held in a sort of common hall called the kashga, which is built of the same pattern as the semi-subterranean winter-houses, but is often as large as sixty feet square, and twenty or thirty feet high.

This kashga also serves for various other purposes. It is used for the public bath; for the deliberations of the council of elders in communal questions; for the preparation of skins and the manufacture of sleds; for the reception of visitors; and for the sleeping place of males who have not huts of their own.

The festivals consist of singing and dancing of a primitive character, and then gorging with fish and blubber, with the additional luxury of melted reindeer fat, when it can be procured. All the food, both fish and flesh, goes through some process of cooking before being eaten, although the "higher" it is, the more it is appreciated.

It is difficult to formulate the religious beliefs of the Eskimos. They regard the shamans as mediators between them and the world of spirits; but it is doubtful if they believe that the sorcerers can actually control the spirits.

Some of these sorcerers are very cunning in tricks of sleight-of-hand; and, indeed, unless they are considerably accomplished in such performances, they are little regarded.

Grains of Gold.

To rule oneself is in reality the greatest triumph.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

We often quarrel with the unfortunate to get rid of pitying them.

When we have done our best we should wait the result in peace.

A thing is never too often repeated that is never sufficiently learned.

He approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he be right.

In praising or loving a child, we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.

It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish.

There is no beautifier of complexion nor form of behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

It is the rule of rules, and the general law of all laws, that every person should observe those of the place where he is.

Laughing, if loud, ends in a deep sigh; and all pleasures have a sting in the tail, though they carry beauty in their face.

It is odd how folks will force disagreeable knowledge upon us—crab-apples, that we must eat and defy the stomach-ache.

People in this world almost always have ideals, and they are generally strenuous about having other people live up to them.

Femininities.

Beware of her who hates the laugh of children.

Girls, don't despair! Naomi was 580 years old when she was married.

In Connecticut the divorces average more than one-tenth the number of marriages.

It is usually unmarried women who write on the subject of "How to manage a husband."

Shawl plaids in soft mixtures of color will be favorite traveling gowns and also for shopping purposes.

There are monogram stockings in New York selling for $200. They come high, but some people will have them.

There are now six papers devoted entirely to the news and progress of woman suffrage in the United States.

The Shah of Persia has requested the ladies of his harem to learn the piano, and promises prizes for proficiency.

A woman always believes a man when he tells her that some other woman isn't half so pretty as she is herself.

There never was a woman whose curiosity would allow her to return even an unwelcome letter with the seal unbroken.

At the horticultural show: "This is a tobacco plant, my dear." "Indeed! how very interesting! But I don't see any cigars on it."

A contemporary states that "women with hobbies are apt to be bores." Men afflicted that way are not accorded the benefit of the doubt.

Mrs. B.: "Did you? And did she have her children with her?" Mrs. A.: "Have her children with her? No, indeed! Mrs. Montgomery is a real lady."

Violet and green are among the favorite combinations for Fall millinery, when fruits, grains and grasses are to be more generally used than summer blossoms.

"George," said the happy bride, "papa has placed a check among the wedding presents." "Is that so?" whispered George, anxiously. "Did you notice if it's certified?"

"Why, Mrs. Ballard, how do you do?" "Quite well. How are you, Mrs. Jones? How did you find me in all this crowd?" "By your bonnet. It's the third summer for it, isn't it?"

The girl who has fine teeth may not have a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.

Two girls spending their first night away from home. "Mary! Mary!" "What is it?" "Will you do me a favor?" "Yes." "Will you stay awake until I go to sleep? I'm so scared!"

Caller: "Your little dog doesn't look very well this morning, Mrs. Hobson." Mrs. H.: "No, poor little fellow! The baby's crying kept him awake all night. He barked until nearly morning."

In England the ladies have been carrying sun umbrellas with extra long sticks. The handles reach the extreme in length, and the heads are very large. They appear in richly chased gold and silver and in the natural wood, hand carved.

A negro woman who recently went insane in Atlanta imagined that the sun had perched itself on her head and she could not shake it off. "I have been walking around all day with the sun on my head, trying to shake it off, but I can't get rid of it."

A paragraph is going the round of the press explaining on scientific grounds why a girl cannot throw a stone. If some scientist would kindly point out what is the safest position the bystander can occupy—whether behind or before—when she attempts it, he would be to some extent a public benefactor.

"One of my best friends," writes a bachelor, "married a widow, and everybody called him a lucky dog. Not long ago he told me he was an unlucky dog, and for me never to marry a widow. He suggested a country girl, one who does not know very much. He says the women know too much, especially the widows."

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately. "No, George," she answered, with admirable tact; "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of life-long devotion and tender solicitude you—pardon me, dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow."

Cousin Sophia, talented and accomplished: "Yes, I like Mr. Pibson; he's so sensible. He told me he did'nt care a rap for unintellectual women, however beautiful they might be." Cousin Nella, only pretty: "Did he really? Why, he told me he couldn't bear intellectual women! He said a woman's mission was to be beautiful!"

Two women walking along a road saw two men approaching. One woman said to the other: "Here come our husbands, our fathers, the fathers of our children, and our children's grandfathers." Explain the relationship between the men and the women. The men were widowers, each having a daughter; they had married each other's daughter, and had children.

Two sisters have been living opposite each other in Atlanta, Ga., for five years without knowing they were related. Mrs. Smith knew that she had a sister named Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Green knew she had a sister named Mrs. Smith, but neither knew the whereabouts of the other. Recently they were chatting and began to talk about their families, and then learned that they were sisters.

Quite a romantic wedding is reported to have taken place five miles west of Denison, Texas, the happy couple, minister and all, standing knee deep in the Red river while the wedding ceremony was performed. The intention was to cross the stream and have the knot tied on the opposite bank, but when the party had waded out a short distance it was learned that the "old folks" were in pursuit, so the lovers were made one forthwith.

Masculinities.

Some of the most active business men in New York eat only a bowl of bread and milk for lunch.

It may be said of a man successful in love: He came, he saw, he conquered, and she concurred.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this, they are always talking of themselves.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

One of the main questions of the age in regard to some men is, not what they live on, but why they live on.

"Politician, ain't ye?" he inquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him. "Yep; how did you know?" "Breath."

It is not virtue, but a deceptive copy and imitation of virtue, when we are led to the performance of duty by pleasure as its recompense.

A man can make more money in attending to his own business than that of his neighbors, as a rule, but some don't seem to know it.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on slowly is because we all of us begin on our neighbors, and never reach ourselves.

Schiller, the German poet, before composing, always put his feet in cold water. A good many more modern writers ought to put their heads in.

Debt is to the man what the serpent is to the bird; its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave.

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he must practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

If a man sued for breach of promise were to set up the defense of temporary insanity, he could certainly prove his case by reference to old love letters.

"When a man and a woman discuss the subject of matrimony," moralizes a New Yorker, "one seldom gets the better of the other. It usually results in a tie."

A pessimist, walking with his wife and meeting a whole school of girls: "Heavens and earth! The poor men! What a crowd of future mothers-in-law!"

"What, to you," she asked, in dreamy accents, "is the most beautiful thing about the sunset?" He thought for some time and then replied: "It reminds me of supper."

Gingsend: "Congratulate me, father. I am going to be married!" Father: "Ah, but do you think the lady will be able to support you in the style to which you have been accustomed?"

It is said lovers' quarrels always end in kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little tiffs you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl.

Saratoga belle: "You would scarcely believe it, Mr. Oldboy, but the lady seated near the open window has over 20 dresses." Mr. Oldboy: "Is it possible? Why doesn't she put one of 'em on?"

Guest, at the wedding of Bobby's big sister: "Well, Bobby, and when do you intend to get married?" Bobby, 8 years old: "Oh, I haven't decided so far ahead. I ain't even begun to smoke yet."

Anybody can live happily with an eighth wife, or a seventh wife, for that matter. Statistics show very few failures of perfect bliss with wives beyond the fifth. It is with the first and second that most failures occur.

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't mar—worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

A poor excuse is better than none. We hear of a man who justifies his meanness towards his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore, by refusing to furnish her with money, he practices the heroic virtue of self-denial.

A man who owes a little can clear it off in a very little time, and, if he is a prudent man, will; whereas a man who, by long negligence, owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay, and therefore never looks into his accounts at all.

"And if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?" "Yes, John," she replied, brokenly; "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much pleasure, you know!"

A Chicago butcher was invited recently to attend a concert, but positively declined, even when a free ticket was offered him. When pressed for a reason he replied: "If I should go I should see so many people who owe me for meat that it would spoil all my fun."

Very shortly after the death of his first wife, a Scotch laird made arrangements for a second marriage, and on asking his son, a well-known author, to be present on the occasion, the latter replied that "he regretted he was unable to attend, in consequence of the recent death of his mother."

A bashful young man, who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol which, he assured her, was only loaded with powder, and after she had done so, fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.

A certain married lady sat up until 12 o'clock one night waiting for her husband to come home from the lodge. At last, weary and worn out with her long waiting, she went to her sleeping-room to retire, and there found the missing husband sound asleep. Instead of going to lodge he had gone to his room and had never left the house. Such are the troubles some poor married women have to contend with in this life.

Recent Book Issues.

"Karmel the Scout," one of the late Sylvanus Cobb's earliest stories, has just been published in neat book-form by Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents.

J. & J. W. Johnson, 535 Chestnut street, this city, have issued a very useful pamphlet for all citizens, entitled "The Pennsylvania Voter." They also issue the "Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania." Price, 25 and 15 cents respectively.

The ideal demands of the reading public are fulfilled in "Ticknor's Paper Series" of novels. The first September volume is: "The Pagans," by Arlo Bates, author of "A Wheel of Fire," "Patty's Perversities," etc. The author of this novel is one of the most acute and brilliant critics of our modern American life. As a study of current American thought, and types of culture, and conflicts of belief, it has a singular value and interest. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September *Wide Awake* opens with a lively story of the Harrison campaign of 1840, by Mrs. F. A Humphrey. It is entitled "Two Conspirators," and is illustrated by Smedley. Another seasonable story is "Ned's Base Ball Club," by Mary A. Crowley. "Jermicky's Sacrifice" is a humorous story by Mrs. Katharine B. Foot, and "A Little Lombard Hero," is a touching Italian story. Miss Risley Seward has an entertaining paper, "An Abyssinian Monkey." Edward Everett Hale writes of some of the great visitors who have "received" on Boston Common. Rev. H. O. Ladd, the President of the University of New Mexico, describes the Ramona Industrial School for Indian Girls. A beautiful art-article for young painters is entitled "Summer Lanes," illustrated by landscapes from the paintings of famous artists. Among other articles are the serials short stories, sketches, poetry, etc. D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

St. Nicholas for September has a dainty frontispiece, the original of which may be found in almost every country place, showing that "More near than we think—very close at hand, lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land," as Miss Edith M. Thomas tells us in the poem which opens the number. Then come the "Two Little Confederates." The late Mr. E. P. Roe collected "Some Stories about 'the California Lion,'" during his recent sojourn in Southern California and these stories are related in this number. Estelle Thomson relates a charming story about "Knot-Holes," and "What Dora Did" is a true story of a Dakota blizzard. A very practical article, valuable to all ingenious boys, is "What to do with Old Corks," by Charles G. Leland. In the "Scent of Dogs," Theo. B. Wilson calls attention to some of the wonders performed by hunting dogs. The departments contain the customary amount of interesting information for the young people. The Century Co., New York.

The September *Century* devotes liberal space to educational matters. Thus we have an illustrated article on "Uppingham," "The Industrial Idea in Education," "The University and the Bible," "Women Who go to College," and a profusely illustrated paper on "College Fraternities." In addition to these, in "Open Letters" President Seelye, of Amherst, writes of "College Fraternities," and W. J. Stillman of "Art Education." Miss Phelps writes about the Poet Sill, who was a notable teacher as well as a poet. Other articles in this number are a continuation of the "Life of Lincoln;" George Kennan on "Exile by Administrative Process;" "Hard Times in the Confederacy," "Sidereal Astronomy," an illustrated article on "Doves," and "Bird Music." Mr. Kennan, in the department of "Open Letters," answers the question, "Is the Siberian Exile System to be at once Abolished?" The ex-Confederate General Colston writes feelingly and reconstructively of "Gettysburg Twenty-five Years After." The stories and sketches of the number are, a continuation of Mr. Janvier's "A Mexican Campaign," and an illustrated story by James Lane Allen, and Mrs. Roseboro's sketch entitled "The Mountaineers about Montesgel." The poetry of the number is by Bliss Carman, Eugene Ashton, Walt Whitman, John Vance Cheney, William H. Hayne; and in bric-a-brac by Helen Gray Cone, W. J. Henderson, Frank Demster Sherman, and Annie D. Hanks.

THE OLD MAIDS.—A thoughtful writer calls attention to the growing willingness of women to go through life unmarried. Once it was considered a bad thing to be an old maid, and light-minded people made fun of one. Now it is different. Some of the brightest and prettiest women become so much interested in the serious work of life that they regard husbands as altogether unnecessary inconveniences. They are satisfied with the state of single blessedness, and appear to be just as happy and useful as their married sisters. It is all right. If a woman remains single it is her own affair, and outsiders need not concern themselves about it. As a rule, an old maid is an intellectual and interesting woman.

ADVERSITY has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatterers.

LADIES who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder—it produces a soft and beautiful skin.

IN THE SMALLER WORLD.

POPULAR superstition has concerned itself much about that busy little insect, the bee.

A Welsh tradition says bees came from Paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing. So that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass.

The ancients generally maintained that there was close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees."

There is a Hindoo superstition that the Rakshas or demons keep their souls in the bodies of the bees. Many persons accord unusual intelligence to bees.

They are said in parts of England and France to revere the consecrated water. They are also said to sing a Christmas hymn beginning at midnight.

They are said never to thrive in a quarrelsome family, nor will they stay with you if you quarrel about them or in their presence.

It is a custom in many parts of England and the continent to announce to the bees a death in the family, especially that of the master.

It is said in many parts of England and Germany that if a swarm of bees settle on the dead branch of a tree, a death will occur in the family within a year.

Stolen bees are said in Holland never to thrive. In some places in England it is thought unlucky to sell them. They are given away for another gift.

Flies are sometimes regarded as furnishing prognostications of the weather and even of other events.

An old naturalist, who writes much of popular import says: "If they are busier or blinder than ordinary, sporting in the sun or showing themselves in warm places, it may be taken as a sign of hail, cold shows of rain or hot weather."

Fleas are not too small to enter into popular lore. An abundance of them indicate rain. Their eager biting also prognosticates wet weather. These tormenting insects are not without their benefits, according to the fishermen, for they consider that an abundance of them indicates good hauls of fish.

Gnats are regarded by many as accurate weather indicators. Fair weather is said to be coming when they fly about in clouds in the sun's beams; heat follows unusual friskiness, and rain is indicated by their seeking the shade and biting fiercely. An abundance of these insects in spring foretells a warm autumn.

Since the days of Solomon the ant has enjoyed a quiet reputation as a worker. Mohammedans recognize its industry, and accord to it a place among the ten animals that alone enter Paradise. It is said that they never sleep.

Ants' eggs were of old an antidote for love. It is said that they close their holes in the ground on the approach of a storm. If they are unusually frisky wet weather is at hand. The migration of ants from low grounds is said to indicate heavy rains, and stormy weather is imminent when they travel in lines, fair weather coming when they scatter abroad.

Superstition has been very busy with that common household insect, the cricket. Its lively and cheerful chirp has caused it to be generally viewed with favor. It is usually regarded as a good omen in England and Scotland.

In Hull it is unlucky to kill them, and in Lancashire, it is said, they cut holes in the worsted stockings of the members of a family that kill them. In Shakespeare's time this notion that the cricket was a good omen, indicating cheerfulness and plenty, was a prevalent one.

The little insect commonly know as the lady bird or lady bug has been the object of many superstitious observances. Its name indicates its sacred character, it being everywhere the Virgin's bird, the lady cow, the lady fly, the lady's little beast, Mary's bird, God's cali, etc.

Young girls, on finding one try to divine their lovers by it. The flight of the insect indicates the direction in which the lover is to be sought.

German peasants also try to divine from its flight how they will fare in the next world. If, on being appealed to, it flies upward, they will go to heaven; if downward, to hell, or if horizontally, then purgatory awaits the questioner.

Spider superstitions are also abundant. They should not be killed,

Spaniards in the sixteenth century, believed that spiders indicate gold, where they are found in abundance. In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spin his web downwards towards you, but bad luck when he rises toward you. There are said to be no spiders in Ireland, nor will spiders spin their web in an Irish oak, nor on a cedar roof.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle.

What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter; good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a life-time, may do a heroic action.

But the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of our life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

SELF-CONTROL lies at the foundation of the character.

SERMONS IN STONES.

ALL epitaphs are not so plain spoken as that oft-quoted and famous one in Canterbury Cathedral, which states that the subject of eulogy was not only "bland and pious, but also "extremely passionate," which really places her character strongly before us.

All are not so perspicuous as the one noting simply, besides the two names of a man and his wife "An honest man, a good woman."

Tantalizing sometimes are the biographical bits afforded us, as thus: That "this lady was an heiress, that she was niece of an earl, and grandniece to someone killed at Fontenoy," are facts interesting and not perhaps affecting to the tombstone reader; yet that he is permitted to glean from her monument.

That another lady belonged to "that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland," is a circumstance which time may make more suggestive than it was in 1767. We pondered long and pensively over the young lady "who blest with a plentiful fortune, and in the flower of her age, yet endured her sickness with great evenness and constancy," and the first real occasion of grief she gave her mother was her death in 1713. We are somehow rather reminded of the junior Pliny's sarcastic remarks upon Regulus, that nothing in his life so much became him as his leaving it!

Much should we have liked to have known the lady, "in grace great, in stature small," as her husband was pleased to put it, "cheerfully grave and courteously close, learned without pride, witty yet wise," for these seem a sufficiently striking combination of unusual qualities. "Reader, this riddle read well," he continues, and concludes with the deceased lady's title in his line (1650 A.D.)

Of a military officer we learn that "the greatness of his king and the love of his country were the prevailing passions of his mind (1761)."

Of a certain lady "who deserved recollections for her matchless conduct as a mother-in-law," one feels one should have liked to have known more as for twenty-six years she lived "a loving and condescending wife." "Now she's no more," subjoins the monument with rather startling abruptness.

It is full of interest to be informed of a baronet in the last century, deceased, that, "Altho' he was descended from Duke Rollo of Normandy, and the standard bearer of Hastings, yet the elegance of his manners gave additional splendor (so spelt) to the dignity of his birth."

Nor, indeed, was this gentleman lacking in sublunary wisdom, "for," continues his biographer, "by his marriage with his cousin and an heiress, he united the estates with the title." His second wife was "also an heiress," adds the pleased chronicler of this accomplished man, "and by her was this tablet erected in 1816."

After this one can contemplate unmoved the paragon "young lady of 26, who possessed such numberless virtues and accomplishments as would have adorned a longer life." She died in 1713.

This inscription recalls to our mind another to a gentleman, "exceeding graceful in person and behavior." "His widow," goes on the inscription, "who was the relict of his kinsman deceased, erected a marble monument of the same form and dimensions as this," to her first husband deceased in 1707.

A naive widow this, and one who only wanted due justice done to her acts of conjugal piety impartially rendered to both her spouses.

Near this stone was one which informed the reader that "a clergyman in the year 1804, from noble and conscientious motives, refused to hold two good livings at once."

Why, in a certain well-known church a lady should be commended only under her initials, "altho' she was of some rank," as her epitaph remarks, seems strange amongst the loud strains of adulatory praise which encompass her; but lower down we are informed that in 1765 "her children erected the stone without the vanity and the weakness of proclaiming her many virtues."

To read of a gentleman merely that he was a man of strict honor and probity, who died in March, 1770, seems altogether modest compared with a lady who lies near him, and who was so improved "by the knowledge of various languages and sciences, that elegance of diction, beauty of sentiment, the majesty of wisdom, the grace of persuasion hung upon her lips." The year 1810 saw this remarkable person's eclipse.

Such are some of the quaintnesses of epitaph writing, of which many more examples might be given did space permit.

LOOK OUT FOR THE "RAKE."—He is a good-looking fellow, who dresses well, talks glibly and knows how to make himself agreeable. His sole object in life is to own a rich father-in-law. He will take almost any woman, regardless of looks or age—preferably one that is delicate—in order to get into a rich family. They never make good husbands, and generally prove to be very expensive luxuries. Any woman is better off as an old maid than as the wife of one of such men.

LOG CABINS, lacking elegance, were yet comfortable homes. Health and happiness were found in them. The best of the simple remedies used are given to the world in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, made by Warner of Safe Cure fame. Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A halfteaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Scarlet Fever, and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, KAS., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & Co.:

Your valuable medicines are a necessity in our family, we entirely rely on the Ready Relief and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE LOHMILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chills and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTICING WITH R. R. R.

MONTAGUE, TEXAS.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.

THOS. J. JONES.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain of difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

Price fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calomel.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am selling your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Dorsville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, KY., Feb. 2, 1887.—Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Regulators and feel a great deal better. Enclosed find stamp, please send me your book False and True. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am, yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY: I have for many years been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and found but little relief until I got your Pills and Resolvent, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicine I ever had in my life. Your friend forever. WILLIAM NOONAN.

BLANCHARD, MICH.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents per box. Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 32 Warren, corner Church sts., New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent you.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THEY SAW HER NOT.

Alone she stood in majesty,
On either side a motley crowd,
Men of all stations, ranks in life,
They saw her not, each head was bowed.

She looked them o'er with glance of scorn,
Each was afraid to meet her eye—
Imperious, regal, mighty, she
Seemed all of mankind to defy.

Was she a despot, these her slaves
Who humbly bowed to do her will?—
A reigning queen whose anger fierce
With terror each man's heart did fill?

Ah, no! 'twas but a single case
That history does each day repeat—
She stood alone within a car
Where every man retained his seat.

—U. N. None.

A bird-fancier—The cat.

A stowaway—The glutton.

All-absorbing—A sponge.

A droll dog—A wag with a funny tale.

The best illustrated paper out—A banknote.

The bee's question: "Swarm enough for you?"

A man always feels put out when he is taken in.

A striking thing in gloves—The pugilist's fist.

The position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.

Court-plaster—Damages in a breach of promise case.

The honey bee is a regular merchant. It sells combs for a living.

A farmer always wants the earth; without it he could do nothing.

Why is a railway like a blanket?—Because it is laid upon sleepers.

When you are nailing down carpets, and hit your finger, it's time to try a new tack.

Why can you never say an omnibus is empty?—Because you and I are always in it.

It is a queer coincidence that red is made from madder, and bulls are made madder by red.

Funny, isn't it, that after a man has once given his word he should try so hard to keep it?

It is said that no one can arrest the flight of Time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute?

"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing I can lay out any man."

Nothing can equal the postage stamp for evenness of temper and calm. You can lick it till it perspires in every pore, but it won't even change color.

A Western poker-player who was caught with a couple of aces up his sleeve explained that the mustard plaster on his back must have drawn them there.

Tailors are the most playful paradoxes in the world; why, whenever you may want something new, they will recommend you something that is much worn.

"The single scull race!" exclaimed an excited old lady, as she laid down the paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls."

Lecturer: "I will pause until that young man in the back of the hall stops whispering." Young man, cordially: "Go on, sir; you are not disturbing me at all."

When a Missouri boy had been thrashed by his father for playing truant, he alludes to the old man as having been on a whaling voyage and getting lots of blubber.

"Yes," said a bill collector at the funeral of the slow debtor, "Probley was a gentleman; I'll say that of him. I never called on him professionally but he gave me a very cordial invitation to call again."

"What is your preference, my friend," he said to a stranger at the Prohibition Convention: "whisky or anti-whisky?" "No decided preference," replied the stranger; "I don't care what kind it is so long's it's whisky."

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?" The other replied. "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do so again!"

Guest, indignantly: "Waiter, there are feathers in this soup!" Waiter, inspecting it: "Why, so there are. I thought I was giving you bean soup. It's chicken-broth, sir; costs ten cents more." (Changes figures on the check).

A bright little 3-year old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some noise in the fireplace. She was told it was caused by a cricket, when she eagerly observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

Invalid: "I have been here at these springs, doctor, six weeks, and I don't see that the water has had the slightest effect." Dr. Candid: "You must have patience. There was a man here last season who didn't die until after he had been here two months."

A judge, delivering a charge to a jury, said: "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence. The indictment says the prisoner was arrested for stealing a pig. This offense seems to be becoming a common one. The time has come when this must be put a stop to, otherwise, gentlemen, none of you will be safe."

THE HAIRPIN.

To the ingenious girl a hairpin is a perfect tool-chest. She is rarely at a loss while provided with this little instrument. It is an excellent button-hook.

The man who is within reach of a convenient girl can always button his gaiters and fasten his gloves with the aid of a hairpin, and is thus freed from that slavish dependence on button-hooks which is otherwise the inevitable fate of the man who wears button gaiters.

Women also use the hairpin as a substitute for a gimlet. When a woman wishes to make a hole through a piece of cloth or pasteboard she always disinters a hairpin, and with it quickly accomplishes her purpose.

Two hairpins properly bent form an admirable substitute for a clasp or buckle. What can be better for the purpose of stirring lemonade or medicine?

Two or three hairpins held closely together may be used as an egg-beater. Where palm-leaf fans are used the hairpin is mightier than the lead-pencil.

An intelligent young lady can write a beautiful note on the surface of a palm-leaf fan with the point of a hairpin, and can carry on an important correspondence with the young man in the next pew by handing him her fan while the sermon is in progress.

There are cases on record of letters having been hoisted up to the second and third stories of a female seminary by cords furnished with extemporized hooks made of hairpins.

As a pinlock, the hairpin is invaluable. No man who smokes a pipe can possibly dispense with it.

All pipes will at times become choked, and when this is the case, the hairpin is the only thing that will remove the obstruction.

But it would require too much space to detail the many uses of this little instrument; we sum up by saying that no well-regulated man should be without them—or their legitimate owners.

PRACTICAL, IF NOT POETIC.—A Boston contemporary tells an amusing tale about a denizen of the "Hub," who "had the laugh turned upon him recently. He is a Benedict, and, more than that, he is a fond husband. His wife usually leaves him for a week only during the summer, and he always promises to write her every day.

Now, the unnecessary trouble in this busy business life of having a love letter composed by mail is pretty considerable, not to mention the unexpected calls upon his time which might embarrass him, and so the very night of her departure he writes six letters—one for each day—seals, directs and stamps them, and places them on his desk, with orders to his office boy to mail one each day. This plan has worked gloriously for years.

But, alas! the son of the family has knocked the little scheme sky high. He went to his father's office one day this week, found the heap of letters ready for daily service, saw the point and wickedly mailed the whole squad.

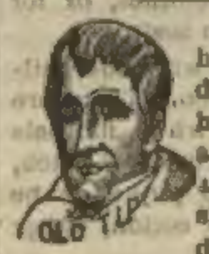
Explanations were difficult, but they had to be made, and now the little wife will demand some sort of degear to prove that day and date are identical."

To some the experiences they pass through are like beads upon a string, and when the thread of life is cut, they simply roll away out of sight and out of mind. A new business here, a new friendship there; here a lucky accident, there a disastrous failure; here a birth and rejoicing, there a death and mourning; and, as the mind recalls them it finds no special meaning attached to them, and no connection between them, except that of time or place.

Another person comes out of each one fuller, stronger, wiser than before. A serious illness has led him to study the laws of his physical nature, and taught him how to secure health for himself, his family, and those whom he may influence. A disaster in business is sifted to the bottom, and new light is thrown on future plans; or a great happiness comes to him, and he hastens to share it with others, or learns through it how he may bless others. He is accumulating experience, not simply to count it over and recall its pleasure or its pain, but to develop out of it all power and wisdom, by which his own life, and the lives of all who approach him, may be improved.

LABOR'S PART.—As illustrating the part that labor plays in enhancing the value of raw materials, it is estimated that from 75 cents worth of ore may be developed $5 50 worth of bar iron, $10 worth of horse shoes, $180 worth of table knives, $6,800 worth of fine needle, $29,160 worth of shirt buttons, $200 000 worth of watch springs, or $2 500,000 worth of pallet arbors (used in watches).

A COLORED rag picker, aged 85, was before a Washington (D. C.) court on Thursday, on the charge of theft, but, owing to his advanced years, was released on his own recognizance.



LOG CABINS were not hothouses and the people who dwelt in them were not hothouse growths. They were a hardy, healthy generation and the remedies used were simple preparations reproduced in Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Warner's "Tippecanoe" the great stomach tonic.

A CAUSE OF LEFT-HANDEDNESS.—A cause for left-handedness, in at least two cases, has been discovered by a French physician.

One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of one year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her children on her left arm. She was advised to carry the child on her right. The infant having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it and soon became right-handed.

IF women won't wait until the car stops, they should remember these simple rules: (1) Face the same way the car is going; (2) pull the skirts clear of the car; (3) put the outside foot well forward and brace the body back; (4) hold on with both hands until the driver stops the horses; (5) step off.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, September 3, 1888.

Opened all day Saturdays.

Furniture has gone up another flight—to the third floor. Easy stairs are being put in and more elevators. Your now coming. No hardship to get there.

A room of parlor furniture 36 feet by 240, with such a stock as the world can not show elsewhere.

200 varieties of Bedroom Suites, $18 for a good 3-piece suite, and $25 for another of 5 pieces. And then on (will be here in a day or two) to $200 for 2 pieces. We are proud of that.

What is true of Parlor and Bedroom Suites is true of all the category. The simplest home or the most luxurious can find its outfit here.

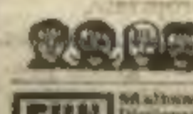
The vital power is price. Do you think us foolish enough not to have that right?

Our assortment of Brass Bedsteads is large and choice, and comprises the best English and American work. One of the rooms in the Furniture Section is set apart for the exhibition of samples. Price range, $30 to $275. Nothing scrimped or mean in quality or workmanship of even the cheapest.

White and Brass Cribs, $12 50 to $25. All brass, $35.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

HEALTHY CHILDREN WEAR THE PERFECT-FITTING GOOD SENSE CORDED CORSET WAISTS SOLD BY LEADING RETAILERS Everywhere. Be sure your corset is stamped "GOOD SENSE." Take no other. Send for descriptive circular. FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers, 341 Broadway, NEW YORK.



FUN 56 album selections 6 popular songs 9 Parlor games, 1 Dictionary of Dreams, 1 Game Fox & Geese, 30 Recipes 7 Wonders of the world, 1 Age Table, a sample book of cards all for 2 stamps. Card Works, Box 1943, New York

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment at $60 to $100 per month selling Queen City Suspenders. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

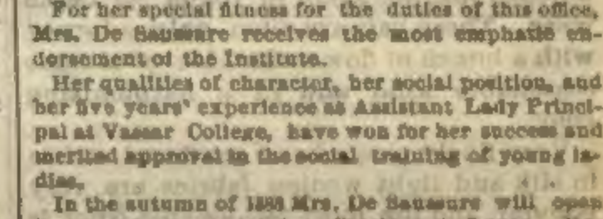
Photos 20 lovely full length beauties sent sealed, only 10c. Send 10c. West's Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo

SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SECRETS FOR LOVERS! A book for PRIVATE perusal, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet Free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.



E. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frinettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

THE RESIDENT HOME FOR PACKER INSTITUTE PUPILS.

The number of students not living in Brooklyn who have wanted to enter Packer Institute has made it desirable that a home should be provided especially adapted to this necessity. This home, which has been so successfully conducted for a number of years, will be in the future under the management of Mrs. N. R. De Saussure.

For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

Her qualities of character, her social position, and her five years' experience as Assistant Lady Principal at Vassar College, have won for her success and merited approval in the social training of young ladies.

In the autumn of 1888 Mrs. De Saussure will open her spacious, cheerful and elegant house, No. 147 Montague street, two minutes' walk from the Institute. Under her care the comforts of a well appointed home will be secured to young ladies, a careful and constant oversight of their studies, and such tender care as will make it a home in its literal sense, combined with the social advantages that form so important a part of a woman's symmetrical education.

Parents who have hesitated to send their daughters to a boarding-school can feel assured that they transfer their maternal care to one especially gifted for assuming such a responsibility.

Students graduated from the Institute and similar schools, and wishing to pursue a post graduate course, will also be received, and those wishing to give special attention to music and art. They will have excellent instruction in these branches, with opportunities for development of correct taste through the art collections, public rehearsals and concerts, that only a large city can supply.

Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

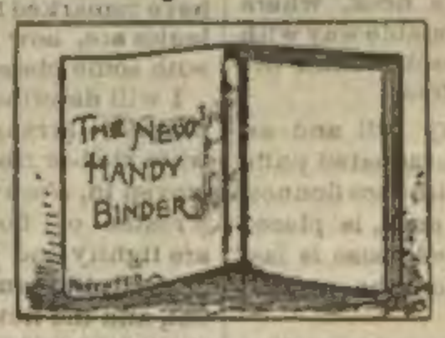
Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, LL. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
Trustees of Vassar College.
Miss ABBY F. GOODELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
PROF. W. B. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
PROF. L. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
PROF. H. VANINGEN, Vassar College.
MISSES BONNEY and DILLAYE, Oronta, Pa.
REV. C. H. HALL, D. D., 197 Montague st., Brooklyn.
PROF. ROBT. R. RAYMOND, 129 Henry st., Brooklyn.
MR. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
MR. W. P. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. F. J. PELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

"The Handy Binder" Free.



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST, if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS" now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and conveniences of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. The "BINDER" apart from its usefulness in this respect is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $1.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
730 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The large and eccentric-looking hats, which always form a conspicuous part of French fashions, this year take the form of the wonderful edifices worn at the time of the Directoire, or else they have extremely low crowns, and wide, flat brims, turned back to form a kind of background to the face.

The Directoire hats have huge brims and large crowns, and many of them have the brim caught down at the sides by strings, which at once gives them the appearance of a bonnet rather than a hat.

Large as these chapeaux are they are undeniably becoming to pretty faces, and being chiefly made of light fabrics, or of light straw, they have no objectionable weight. The chief reason, for their adoption is, however, that they harmonize well with the Directoire costumes which are the rage.

As a rule the trimming mainly consists of feathers raising straight up and then falling over at the tip, and this arrangement is also followed in trimming the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats in Tosca shape, with the never absent loop and ends of ribbon falling to the waist at the back.

Gauged, gauffered and pleated lace, gauze and tulle hats are made in an immense variety of shapes, and in all colors, more especially red, to wear with red foulard toilettes that are again in vogue for beach wear. These hats are often only adorned with a bunch of flowers and leaves of some seasonable kind and in a harmonising color.

Very finely pleated and gauffered skirts in silk and light woolen fabrics are very popular, and the most fashionable color is a particular pale shade of green, much worn during the Directorate and the first part of the Empire, and which is now admirably reproduced in gauze, silk, surah, taffetas and foulard, but is most beautiful in crepe de Chine.

A dress in this delicate tint has the skirt in fine pleats veiled in thin silk; the tunic, of foulard with Pompadour sprays on the same pale-green ground, is mounted with gathers on the short-waisted bodice; it is open on the left side to show the pleated skirt, the back part falling in straight folds, the front part crossing the skirt in a slightly diagonal line; on the right the tunic is draped a little far back on the hips.

The front of the bodice is of two materials; the left side is of plain silk gathered at the neck and waist, the right side is of foulard, put on nearly plain, and crossing the body in a diagonal line low down on the right shoulder to the left hip; a folded band is carried across the waist from side to side in front, and the sleeves are of plain silk, with double bouillonnes of foulard at the shoulders.

Most charming toilettes are also made of lace and voile, with blouse polonaises fastened diagonally from right to left, and falling in soft easy folds over the front of the figure, disclosing a portion of the skirt on the left side, where the polonaise, which is the full length of the dress, opens.

A lovely model has a deep white lace flounce mounted on a skirt of peach blossom silk, and drawn in with gaugings in a slanting line about fifteen inches from the edge. The blouse-fronted polonaise is of peach-blossom voile, draped in front and on the right side, but in plain folds at the back, and rather open at the neck, where it is finished off in the fashionable way with a full lace flounce turned back around the opening, leaving the neck free.

The sleeves are cut very full and arranged in a series of three graduated puffs ending in a flounce lined with lace flounce. A wide sash, with fringed ends, is placed on the left side, where the polonaise is fastened, the ends falling low on the pleated skirt.

Travelling costumes of a more serious description abound in all the chief dressmakers' ateliers: the redingote style is very much in vogue for these, and many of the dresses have rich passementerie ornaments which are durable as well as very handsome.

The model is a plain redingote with pleated back breadths made of mouse-gray cloth, and open from the waist in front over a pleated skirt of mouse-grey faille, for which cloth might, however, be substituted.

The bodice has a little fulness at the waist, instead of breast pleats, and is double-breasted and fastened diagonally from the left shoulder to the centre of the waist; this part is graduated with three graduated passementerie ornaments, the longest following the fastening on the left side. Rich ornaments on the side of the skirt, on the back, sleeves, and collar, and a broad ribbon sash starting from the side seams and tied in front forming a point at the waist, complete a very handsome, and at the same time serviceable, costume.

Another dress is of a lighter type than the last, and is carried out in white and Gobelin and blue cashmere. The pleated skirt is white; the tunic draped in a loop on the left and falling in a point on the right, together with the plain black breadths and the corsage is of blue cashmere, trimmed with blue and silver passementerie braid. The bodice opens over a white chemisette, and is ornamented with blue and silver passementerie ornaments.

Linen sephyr and Irish lawn are the two favorite materials for washing dresses, but they are so elegantly made and so elaborately trimmed that washing would also involve complete re-making.

A very good specimen is a dress of shot beige and red linen sephyr, striped with bands of white bordered with beige hair-lines and wider stripes of poppy-red in slight relief. The under-skirt is bordered with three flounces of ecru colored lace, and the flounces are continued to the waist on the left side, where the draped tunic is open.

The corsage is trimmed with a jabot and turned-down collars of lace, and double lace frills are put on the sleeves. A broad band of red moire starts from the side seams and is veiled with lace.

The wide sashes are now arranged in various ways to suit the figure; if possible it is worn in the correct way of equal width throughout, but, as this is only becoming to exceptionally slender figures, the width is considerably lessened towards the front, where the sash is crossed or knotted together; sometimes its either folded, or cut to form a point which has the effect of making the figure appear slender.

In nearly all cases the sash starts from the side seams only, and, being now so much modified in style, is largely adopted even by the ladies who protested against it most loudly at first. There is no doubt that the comparative simplicity of the Directoire and Empire styles makes them extremely suitable for country or sea-side wear, and elegantes have been quick to perceive this and to adopt a style of dress at once so becoming and appropriate.

Although there are so many pretty colors in vogue, especially the delicate green previously spoken of and an equally delicate shade of shrimp pink, the majority of toilettes made this year for the annual flitting sea-wards or countrywards are either white, red, or an amalgamation of the two colors.

As the combination is equally becoming to children, to girls, and to matrons, provided these retain some of their youth there is likely to be some amount of sameness in the costumes, yet the colors are so cleverly contrasted in various materials, that, unless ladies copy each others' dresses exactly it will be very difficult to find two alike.

Odds and Ends.

FRENCH FANCY WORK.

There is a season for all things and this moment it is the turn of fancy workshops to make their harvest. All the newest and prettiest inventions and combinations are brought out to tempt those women who lay in a stock of work to be achieved during the winter months.

Those who have visited France must have remarked how industrious the French ladies are, how they sit in groups, always with some piece of fancy work in hand.

I will describe some of the newest and prettiest arrangements and ideas. On a wide vieil-or ribbon, with little gold spots woven in, a canvas is placed, and on this wreaths of flowers in a straight stitch are lightly and quickly worked, and not crossed; the canvas threads are then drawn out, and the flowers show up spendidly on the bright ground. Another band or strip of this kind is made on a sapphire blue satin ground; on this is placed pink or vieil-or plush with a design of flowers or scrolls traced on it.

The edge of the design is embroidered all around, the plush cut away, and the pink or vieil-or flowers rest on the blue grounds; these bands are for bordering portieres, window or bed curtains.

For the same purpose there are some pretty strips or panels worked in shaded silks in point d'Hongrie, those who understand embroidery know this stitch which quite hides the canvas on which it is worked. At the exhibition, just closed, in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. there was a splendid bed with curtains entirely worked in this style.

Some ladies who possessed in their wardrobes old-fashioned Indian cashmere shawls with the palm pattern border, have had the palm cut out and arranged on red, blue, or moss-green plush, to be surrounded and united with running sprays of carnations or roses, embroidered with perhaps fifteen or twenty different shades of silk to match the coloring of the palms. The narrow border of the shawl is reworked and put all around the plush.

This makes a lovely bed spread, or cover for a grand piano, but it is rather costly, as besides the plush and silks, there must be a silk lining with flannel or some soft material between it and the plush, to give substance and softness.

Many ladies have bought at second-hand shops or the sales at Hotel Drouet, old chasubles. These are unpicked, and the rich brocade and gold galons used for making bags for opera glasses.

A thick cardboard is cut rather larger than the broad end of the glasses; this is covered with flannel or wadding or plain silk on the inside, and brocade on what is to be the outside or bottom. On this is mounted the bag, made of brocade and lined with silk, drawn at the top with a runner, a narrow ribbon passed through. A narrow lace is added around the opening, and you have a pretty bag that would cost you five dollars to buy, sometimes the bags are made long enough to hold a fan.

I would advise those ladies who like a small piece of work to prepare one or two reticules. These little bags, which date from the beginning of the century will be used to carry pocket handkerchiefs etc., during the coming winter, for the dresses will be so narrow and close fitting that pockets will be impossible.

Some effective ones are prepared to be beaded on black velvet, silk or dark plush, and no doubt many will be made to match the dresses. Book-covers, so much in vogue, are made with old fashioned silks and brocade; also bags and pockets to hang on the walls; mats for lamps, cushions, covers, etc.

Some pretty chair-backs are made of Indian muslin; with a large flat design in double muslin, worked around with chain-stitch; the edges of the pattern are reworked in shaded silks, and often with the washing gold threads which imitate eastern embroideries very well. For the same purpose plush or velvet in applique on cream or ecru etamine is effective, the patterns worked around silk.

Carriage, armchair or sofa cushions can be made with flowers or scrolls worked in wool and silk, and then cut out and placed on a ground of colored plush, crimson, rose pasee, moss-green or blue; they are finished off with a cord combining the principle colors of the work, made into three loops at the corners, or with tassels. The back of the cushion should correspond with the prevailing color.

Lamp shades make a pretty variety in the way of work. They are made of white slightly gathered over thin silk, either pink, blue or green trimmed at the top with a thick pinked-out ruche, and at the bottom with a fall of lace or pleated lawn (linon). Bows of narrow watered ribbon, placed on the top, fall on the shade, which looks something like a small umbrella. Of course, for this a foundation of wire is necessary. These shades are extremely pretty, embellishing the lamp and giving a soft subdued light.

For candlesticks for the whist table or to read by, little shades are made in thin pink silk, without lining, gathered at the top of the fringe, and lace at the bottom with silk ball fringe.

There are some ladies who even costume flower vases with a covering of brocade or pink, green, or white silk; this is slightly gathered around the neck of the vase, and much drawn in at the foot, making it look rather like a shut parasol without a handle.

The gilt basketwork cache pots are also covered with rich material with floral designs resembling Lyons brocade.

What is in Paris called flat embroidery, or, in other words, worked simply on the material without any thing being placed under to raise it, is what is used principally in all the embroidery above mentioned, and in some of it imitation pearls are worked in.

Crochet is always a favorite work with young girls who make beautiful trimmings of it either for their underclothes, or for ornamenting batiste or linen costumes.

In all this preparation for work the children have not been forgotten. There are cradle coverlets made in white flannels to be done in red tent stitch or cross stitch, pelisses in cream or white pique, to be worked with blue or white cotton, either flowers, Greek pattern, etc.

A VULGAR man courts publicity with the hope of wedding notoriety.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. H. W.—You appear to have brought your troubles pretty much upon yourself.

BERT.—"Tenpenny" as applied to nails, means that the nails weigh ten pounds to the thousand.

ROSCOE.—The national debt of Great Britain is about $3,631,393,440; of France about $7,200,000,000; of the United States about $1,161,467,522.

DOUBLE-RATE.—The charges of a physician for his professional services are matters of discretion with him. They are not regulated by rule or statute.

JACK L.—Your question is simply nonsense. No one with a grain of common sense believes in the efficacy of a prayer-book or any other book to make a person dream.

REPUBLIC.—Any young lady, who makes the "winning of the affections" of any young gentleman her chief study, will be apt to fail in that and almost everything else.

POLLY PERKINS.—The dingo is the native Australian dog. Your friend was probably trying to mystify you or test your knowledge when he spoke of it as if it were a plant.

AMBROSE.—The ivy means friendship, fidelity, or marriage, according to circumstances; probably the lady was ignorant of its meaning, as she has not acted up to its signification.

DOLLAR.—The letter on the silver coin designates the mint at which it was struck, as "S" for San Francisco, "C" for Carson City, "O" for New Orleans. The coins struck at Philadelphia bear no mint mark.

HOLGATE.—The name Plantagenet originated with Henry II., who was so called from his custom of wearing a sprig of broom in his helmet. The words "Planta Genista" came in time to be corrupted into one word, which in its turn became the title of a long line of English kings.

E.—The instructions for making any kind of wax flowers or fruit would take up far too much of our space, and would be but unsatisfactory at best. The art is very little practiced now, and your best plan of learning would be to take a lesson or two from someone who understands it.

LAURIE.—The only way for you to act is to beg the young man's pardon; you will be rightly served if he never speaks to you again. If he has a spark of spirit he will not give another thought to a girl who shows temper for nothing and treats him in the way you say yourself that you have.

DRESSMAKER.—1, 2 and 3. Young ladies should never be forward in their manners and conversation with gentlemen in any way; no lady would enter into conversation with a gentleman to whom she had not been introduced; nor would she ask impertinent questions with which she has nothing to do.

ELIZABETH.—Don't listen to such nonsense; there is no reason why a pair of scissors or a knife should be unlucky; either is a very nice present. 2. Keeping hair is not a nice practice, but it has nothing to do with "luck." 3. A ring is generally a pledge of an engagement between a lady and gentleman.

FORSAKEN.—You should try and forget all about such a very fickle person as soon as possible. Be thankful you have found out his character before you were tied to him for life. There are plenty of worthy young men in the world, and no doubt the right one will come along in time if you have patience. Put the faithless one out of your head and be thankful for your escape.

MOTHER.—You are at liberty to give your child whatever name you choose, but a little judgment should be exercised in the selection of it. It is hardly fair to bestow a name on a child that will make it a mark for ridicule when it grows up. Bible names are apt to be singular, unless you choose one that is of constant use; all the short and easy sounding ones have become household words, and can be used at any time.

DISPUTE.—In 1824, Henry Clay was a candidate for the presidency, receiving thirty-seven electoral votes. In 1832 he ran again, receiving the votes of six States only. In 1839 he was a candidate for the nomination, but was defeated by Gen. Harrison, who was elected. In 1844 he was nominated by the Whigs and received 105 votes to 170 for Polk. He was a candidate for the nomination in 1848, but was defeated by Zachary Taylor.

BEATRICE.—Farinaceous foods are those into the composition of which flour or any kind of meal enters largely. 2. Two miles a day is better than nothing, but it is not nearly enough; if you really wish to reduce your weight double the distance would be better. 3. Abstinence from sugar would be more likely to clear the complexion than to render it yellow; if you wish to get thinner you must avoid sugar as much as possible.

MUSIC.—"Programme music" is a term originally intended to apply to that small but interesting class of music which, while unaccompanied by words, seeks to portray or suggest to the mind a certain definite series of objects or events. The following pieces may be mentioned—the Pastoral Sonata or Symphony, Beethoven; overture, Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn; "Power of Sound," Spohr; in pianoforte music, Schumann's Carnaval, Kinderscenen, Waldscenen; Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette."

DORA L.—The rose was anciently the emblem of silence; the term "sub rosa,"—under the rose,—is said to have arisen from the circumstance of Pope Clement VII. sending consecrated roses in the year 1526, which were placed over the confessionals at Rome to denote secrecy. 2. Palpitation of the heart arises from many causes; it may be nothing of consequence, but if it does not stop it would be better to see a medical man about it. 3. You can get your ring re-plated at a very small cost; any jeweler will get it done for you.

NANNIE.—We never advise young people who know nothing about it to choose the stage as a profession; but if as you say, you have acted and are known as an amateur, and have really made up your mind, the best plan will be for you to apply to one of the ladies or gentlemen who advertise for pupils for the stage. If you have really any talent worth fostering, it will be brought out, and you will have a chance of seeing what you can do. The stage is very hard work for those who really wish to succeed; it is by no means all amusement, as some persons seem to think.